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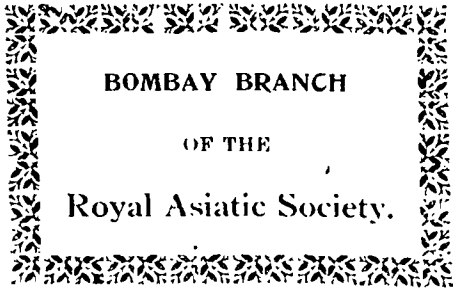

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THE

WANDERER

OF

SWITZERLAND.

A POEM, IN SIX PARTS.

THE

WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

PART I.

A Wanderer of Switzerland and his Family, consisting of his Wife, his Daughter, and her young Children, emigrating from their Country, in consequence of its subjugation by the French in 1798, arrive at the Cottage of a Shepherd, beyond the Frontiers, where they are hospitably entertained.

Shep. " WANDERER, whither dost thou roam?
Weary wanderer, old and grey;
Wherefore hast thou left thine home
In the sunset of thy day?"

Wanderer. " In the sunset of my day,
Stranger, I have lost my home:
Weary, wandering, old and grey,
Therefore, therefore do I roam.

Here mine arms a wife enfold,
Fainting in their weak embrace;
There my daughter's charms behold,
Withering in that widow'd face.

These her infants — O their Sire,
Worthy of the race of TELL,
In the battle's fiercest fire,
— In his country's battle fell!"

Shep. " SWITZERLAND then gave thee birth?"
Wand. " Ay — 'twas SWITZERLAND of yore;
But, degraded spot of earth,
Thou art SWITZERLAND no more:

O'er thy mountains sunk in blood,
Are the waves of ruin hurl'd;
Like the waters of the flood
Rolling round a buried world."

Shep. " Yet will Time the deluge stop:
Then may SWITZERLAND be blest:
On St. Gothard's* hoary top
Shall the Ark of Freedom rest."

Wand. " No! — Irreparably lost,
On the day that made us slaves,
Freedom's Ark, by tempest tost,
Founder'd in the swallowing waves."

---

* ST. GOTHARD is the name of the highest mountain in the canton of URI, the birth-place of Swiss independence.

Shep. " Welcome, Wanderer as thou art,
All my blessings to partake;
Yet thrice welcome to my heart,
For thine injured country's sake.

On the western hills afar
Evening lingers with delight,
While she views her favourite star
Brightening on the brow of night.

Here, though lowly be my lot,
Enter freely, freely share
All the comforts of my cot,
Humble shelter, homely fare.

Spouse, I bring a suffering guest,
With his family of grief;
Give the weary pilgrims rest,
Yield the Exiles sweet relief."

Shep.'s Wife. " I will yield them sweet relief:
Weary pilgrims, welcome here;
Welcome, family of grief;
Welcome to my warmest cheer."

Wand. " When in prayer the broken heart
Asks a blessing from above,
Heaven shall take the Wanderer's part,
Heaven reward the stranger's love."

Shep. " Haste, recruit the failing fire,
High the winter-faggots raise;
See the crackling flames aspire;
O how cheerfully they blaze!

Mourners, now forget your cares,
And, till supper-board be crown'd,
Closely draw your fire-side chairs;
Form the dear domestic round."

Wand. " Host, thy smiling daughters bring,
Bring those rosy lads of thine:
Let them mingle in the ring
With these poor lost babes of mine."

Shep. " Join the ring, my girls and boys;
This enchanting circle, this
Binds the social loves and joys;
'Tis the fairy ring of bliss!"

Wand. " O ye loves and joys! that sport
In the fairy ring of bliss,
Oft with me ye held your court;
I had once a home like this!

Bountiful my former lot
As my native country's rills;
The foundations of my cot
Were her everlasting hills.

But those streams no longer pour
Rich abundance round my lands;
And my father's cot no more
On my father's mountain stands.

By an hundred winters piled,
When the Glaciers*, dark with death,
Hang o'er precipices wild,
Hang — suspended by a breath:

If a pulse but throb alarm,
Headlong down the steeps they fall;
— For a pulse will break the charm, —
Bounding, bursting, burying all.

* More properly the AVALANCHES; immense accumulations of ice and snow, balanced on the verge of the mountains in such subtle suspense, that, in the opinion of the natives, the tread of the traveller may bring them down in destruction upon him. The GLACIERS are more permanent masses of ice, and formed rather in the valleys than on the summits of the Alps.

Struck with horror stiff and pale,
When the chaos breaks on high,
All that view it from the vale,
All that hear it coming, die:—

In a day and hour accurst,
O'er the wretched land of TELL,
Thus the Gallic ruin burst,
Thus the Gallic glacier fell!"

Shep. "Hush that melancholy strain;
Wipe those unavailing tears:"
Wand. "Nay—I must, I will complain;
'Tis the privilege of years;

'Tis the privilege of Woe,
Thus her anguish to impart:
And the tears that freely flow
Ease the agonising heart."

Shep. "Yet suspend thy griefs awhile:
See the plenteous table crown'd;
And my wife's endearing smile
Beams a rosy welcome round.

Cheese rom mountain-dairies prest,
Wholesome herbs, nutritious roots,
Honey from the wild-bee's nest,
Cheering wine and ripen'd fruits:

These, with soul-sustaining bread,
My paternal fields afford:—
On such fare our fathers fed;
Hoary pilgrim! bless the board."

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE

WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

PART II.

After supper, the Wanderer, at the desire of his Host, relates the sorrows and sufferings of his Country, during the Invasion and Conquest of it by the French, in connection with his own Story.

Shep. "WANDERER! bow'd with griefs and years,
Wanderer, with the cheek so pale,
O give language to those tears!
Tell their melancholy tale."

Wand. "Stranger-friend, the tears that flow
Down the channels of this cheek,
Tell a mystery of woe
Which no human tongue can speak.

Not the pangs of 'Hope deferr'd'
My tormented bosom tear: —
On the tomb of Hope interr'd
Scowls the spectre of Despair.

Where the Alpine summits rise,
Height o'er height stupendous hurl'd;
Like the pillars of the skies,
Like the ramparts of the world:

Born in Freedom's eagle nest,
Rock'd by whirlwinds in their rage,
Nursed at Freedom's stormy breast,
Lived my sires from age to age.

High o'er UNDERWALDEN'S vale,
Where the forest fronts the morn;
Whence the boundless eye might sail
O'er a sea of mountains borne;

There my little native cot
Peep'd upon my father's farm:—
Oh! it was a happy spot,
Rich in every rural charm!

There my life, a silent stream,
Glid along, yet seem'd at rest;
Lovely as an infant's dream
On the waking mother's breast.

Till the storm that wreck'd the world,
In its horrible career,
Into hopeless ruin hurl'd
All this aching heart held dear.

On the princely towers of BERNE
Fell the Gallic thunder-stroke;
To the lake of poor LUCERNE,
All submitted to the yoke.

Reding then his standard raised,
Drew his sword on Brunnen's plain;*
But in vain his banner blazed,
Reding drew his sword in vain.

Where our conquering fathers died;
Where their awful bones repose;
Thrice the battle's fate he tried,
Thrice o'erthrew his country's foes.†

---

* Brunnen, at the foot of the mountains, on the borders of the Lake of Uri, where the first Swiss Patriots, Walter Furst of Uri, Werner Stauffacher of Schwitz, and Arnold of Melchtal in Underwalden, conspired against the tyranny of Austria in 1307, again, in 1798, became the seat of the Diet of these three forest cantons.

† On the plains of Morgarthen, where the Swiss gained their first decisive victory over the force of Austria, and thereby secured the independence of their country; Aloys Reding, at the head of the troops of the little cantons, Uri, Schwitz, and Underwalden, repeatedly repulsed the invading army of France.

Happy then were those who fell
Fighting on their fathers' graves!
Wretched those who lived to tell
Treason made the victors slaves! *

Thus my country's life retired,
Slowly driven from part to part;
UNDERWALDEN last expired,
UNDERWALDEN was the heart.†

---

* By the resistance of these small cantons, the French General SCHAWENBOURG was compelled to respect their independence, and gave them a solemn pledge to that purport; but no sooner had they disarmed, on the faith of this engagement, than the enemy came suddenly upon them with an immense force, and with threats of extermination compelled them to take the civic oath to the new constitution, imposed upon all Switzerland

† The inhabitants of the Lower Valley of UNDERWALDEN alone resisted the French message, which required submission to the new constitution, and the immediate surrender, *alive* or *dead*, of nine of their leaders. When the demand, accompa-

In the valley of their birth,
Where our guardian mountains stand;
In the eye of heaven and earth,
Met the warriors of our land.

Like their Sires in olden time,
Arm'd they met in stern debate;
While in every breast sublime
Glow'd the SPIRIT OF THE STATE.

GALLIA's menace fired their blood;
With one heart and voice they rose;
Hand in hand the heroes stood,
And defied their faithless foes.

---

nied by a menace of destruction, was read in the Assembly of the District all the men of the Valley, fifteen hundred in number, took up arms, and devoted themselves to perish in the ruins of their country.

Then to heaven, in calm despair,
As they turn'd the tearless eye,
By their country's wrongs they sware
With their country's rights to die.

ALBERT from the council came:
(My poor daughter was his wife;
All the valley loved his name;
ALBERT was my staff of life.)

From the council-field he came;
All his noble visage burn'd;
At his look I caught the flame;
At his voice my youth return'd.

Fire from heaven my heart renew'd;
Vigour beat through every vein;
All the powers that age had hew'd,
Started into strength again.

Sudden from my couch I sprang,
Every limb to life restored;
With the bound my cottage rang,
As I snatch'd my father's sword.

This the weapon they did wield,
On MORGARTHEN's dreadful day;
And through SEMPACH's* iron field
This the ploughshare of their way.

Then, my Spouse! in vain thy fears
Strove my fury to restrain;
O my daughter! all thy tears,
All thy children's were in vain.

---

* At the battle of SEMPACH, the Austrians presented so impenetrable a front with their projected spears, that the Swiss were repeatedly compelled to retire from the attack, till a native of UNDERWALDEN, named ARNOLD DE WINKELRIED, commending his family to his countrymen, sprung upon the

Quickly from our hastening foes,
ALBERT's active care removed,
Far amidst the eternal snows,
These who loved us, — these beloved. *

Then our cottage we forsook;
Yet, as down the steeps we pass'd,
Many an agonising look
Homeward o'er the hills we cast.

Now we reach'd the nether glen,
Where in arms our brethren lay;
Thrice five hundred fearless men,
Men of adamant were they!

---

enemy, and, burying as many of their spears as he could grasp in his body, made a breach in their line; the Swiss rushed in, and routed the Austrians with a terrible slaughter.

* Many of the UNDERWALDERS, on the approach of the

Nature's bulwarks, built by Time,
'Gainst Eternity to stand,
Mountains terribly sublime,
Girt the camp on either hand.

Dim, behind, the valley brake
Into rocks that fled from view;
Fair in front the gleaming Lake
Roll'd its waters bright and blue.

'Midst the hamlets of the dale,
STANTZ*, with simple grandeur crown'd,
Seem'd the Mother of the vale,
With her children scatter'd round.

French army, removed their families and cattle among the Higher Alps; and themselves returned to join their brethren, who had encamped in their native Valley, on the borders of the Lake, and awaited the attack of the enemy.

* The Capital of UNDERWALDEN.

'Midst the ruins of the dale,
Now she bows her hoary head,
Like the Widow of the vale
Weeping o'er her children dead.

Happier then had been her fate,
Ere she fell by such a foe,
Had an earthquake sunk her state,
Or the lightning laid her low!"

Shep. "By the lightning's deadly flash
Would her foes had been consumed!
Or amidst the earthquake's crash
Suddenly, alive, entomb'd!

Why did justice not prevail?"
Wand. "Ah! it was not thus to be!"
Shep. —"Man of grief, pursue thy tale
To the death of Liberty."

END OF THE SECOND PART.

THE

WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

PART III.

The Wanderer continues his Narrative, and describes the Battle and Massacre of Underwalden.

Wand. "FROM the valley we descried,
As the GAULS approach'd our shores,
Keels that darken'd all the tide,
Tempesting the Lake with oars.

Then the mountain-echoes rang
With the clangour of alarms:
Shrill the signal-trumpet sang;
All our warriors leap'd to arms.

On the margin of the flood,
While the frantic foe drew nigh;
Grim as watching wolves we stood,
Prompt as eagles stretch'd to fly.

In a deluge upon land
Burst their overwhelming might;
Back we hurl'd them from the strand,
Oft returning to the fight.

Fierce and long the combat held;
— Till the waves were warm with blood,
Till the looming waters swell'd
As they sank beneath the flood.*

---

* The French made their first attack on the Valley of UNDERWALDEN from the Lake: but after a desperate conflict, they were victoriously repelled, and two of their vessels, containing five hundred men, perished in the engagement.

For, on that triumphant day,
UNDERWALDEN's arms once more
Broke Oppression's black array,
Dash'd Invasion from her shore.

GAUL's surviving barks retired,
Muttering vengeance as they fled:
Hope in us, by Conquest fired,
Raised our spirits from the dead.

From the dead our spirits rose,
To the dead they soon return'd;
Bright, on its eternal close,
UNDERWALDEN's glory burn'd.

Star of SWITZERLAND! whose rays
Shed such sweet expiring light,
Ere the Gallic comet's blaze
Swept thy beauty into night:—

Star of SWITZERLAND! thy fame
No recording Bard hath sung;
Yet be thine immortal name
Inspiration to my tongue

While the lingering moon delay'd
In the wilderness of night,
Ere the morn awoke the shade
Into loveliness and light: —

GALLIA's tigers, wild for blood,
Darted on our sleeping fold;
Down the mountains, o'er the flood,
Dark as thunder clouds they roll'd.

---

* In the last and decisive battle, the UNDERWALDERS were overpowered by two French armies, which rushed upon them from the opposite mountains, and surrounded their camp, while an assault, at the same time, was made upon them from the Lake.

By the trumpet's voice alarm'd,
All the valley burst awake;
All were in a moment arm'd
From the barriers to the lake.

—In that valley, on that shore,
When the graves give up their dead,
At the trumpet's voice once more
Shall those slumberers quit their bed.

For the glen that gave them birth
Hides their ashes in its womb:
O 'tis venerable earth,
Freedom's cradle, Freedom's tomb.

Then on every side begun
That unutterable fight;
Never rose the astonish'd sun
On so horrible a sight.

Once an eagle of the rock
('Twas an omen of our fate)
Stoop'd, and from my scatter'd flock
Bore a lambkin to his mate.

While the Parents fed their young,
Lo! a cloud of vultures lean,
By voracious famine stung,
Wildly screaming rush'd between.

Fiercely fought the eagle-twain,
Though by multitudes oppress,
Till their little ones were slain,
Till they perish'd on their nest.

More unequal was the fray
Which our band of brethren waged;
More insatiate o'er their prey
CAUL's remorseless vultures raged.

In innumerable waves,
Swoln with fury, grim with blood,
Headlong roll'd the hordes of slaves,
And ingulph'd us with a flood.

In the whirlpool of that flood,
Firm in fortitude divine,
Like the eternal rocks we stood
In the cataract of the Rhine.*

Till by tenfold force assail'd,
In a hurricane of fire,
When at length our phalanx fail'd,
Then our courage blazed the higher.

Broken into feeble bands,
Fighting in dissever'd parts,
Weak and weaker grew our hands,
Strong and stronger still our hearts.

* At Shaffhausen. — See Coxe's Travels.

Fierce amid the loud alarms,
Shouting in the foremost fray,
Children raised their little arms
In their country's evil day.

On their country's dying bed,
Wives and husbands pour'd their breath;
Many a Youth and Maiden bled,
Married at thine altar, Death.*

Wildly scatter'd o'er the plain,
Bloodier still the battle grew: —
O ye Spirits of the slain,
Slain on those your prowess slew!

---

* In this miserable conflict, many of the Women and Children of the UNDERWALDERS fought in the ranks by their Husbands, and Fathers, and Friends, and fell gloriously for their country.

Who shall now your deeds relate?
Ye that fell unwept, unknown;
Mourning for your country's fate,
But rejoicing in your own!

Virtue, valour, nought avail'd
With so merciless a foe;
When the nerves of heroes fail'd,
Cowards then could strike a blow.

Cold and keen the assassin's blade
Smote the Father to the ground;
Through the infant's breast convey'd
To the mother's heart a wound.*

UNDERWALDEN thus expired;
But at her expiring flame,

* An indiscriminate massacre followed the battle.

With fraternal feeling fired,
Lo, a band of SWITZERS came.*

From the steeps beyond the lake,
Like a Winter's weight of snow,
When the huge Lavanges break,
Devastating all below;†

Down they rush'd with headlong might,
Swifter than the panting wind;
All before them fear and flight;
Death and silence all behind.

---

* Two hundred self-devoted heroes from the Canton of SWITZ arrived, at the close of the battle, to the aid of their Brethren of UNDERWALDEN, — and perished to a man, after having slain thrice their number.

† The LAVANGES are tremendous torrents of melting snow, that tumble from the tops of the Alps, and deluge all the country before them.

How the forest of the foe
Bow'd before their thunder strokes,
When they laid the cedars low,
When they overwhelm'd the oaks!

Thus they hew'd their dreadful way;
Till, by numbers forced to yield,
Terrible in death they lay,
The AVENGERS OF THE FIELD."

END OF THE THIRD PART.

THE

WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

PART IV.

The Wanderer relates the circumstances attending the death of Albert.

Shep. "PLEDGE the memory of the Brave,
And the Spirits of the dead;
Pledge the venerable Grave,
Valour's consecrated bed.

Wanderer, cheer thy drooping soul;
This inspiring goblet take;
Drain the deep delicious bowl,
For thy martyr'd brethren's sake."

Wand. " Hail! — all hail! the Patriot's grave,
Valour's venerable bed:
Hail! the memory of the Brave;
Hail! the Spirits of the dead.

Time their triumphs shall proclaim,
And their rich reward be this, —
Immortality of fame,
Immortality of bliss."

Shep. " On that melancholy plain,
In that conflict of despair,
How was noble ALBERT slain?
How didst thou, old Warrior, fare?"

Wand. " In the agony of strife,
Where the heart of battle bled,
Where his country lost her life,
Glorious ALBERT bow'd his head.

When our phalanx broke away,
And our stoutest soldiers fell,
— Where the dark rocks dimm'd the day,
Scowling o'er the deepest dell;

There, like lions old in blood,
Lions rallying round their den,
ALBERT and his warriors stood;
We were few, but we were men.

Breast to breast we fought the ground,
Arm to arm repell'd the foe;
Every motion was a wound
And a death was every blow.

Thus the clouds of sunset beam
Warmer with expiring light;
Thus autumnal meteors stream
Redder through the darkening night.

Miracles our champions wrought —
Who their dying deeds shall tell?
O how gloriously they fought!
How triumphantly they fell!

One by one gave up the ghost,
Slain, not conquer'd, — they died free.
ALBERT stood, — himself an host:
Last of all the Swiss was he.

So, when night, with rising shade
Climbs the Alps from steep to steep,
Till in hoary gloom array'd
All the giant mountains sleep —

High in heaven their monarch * stands
Bright and beauteous from afar,

* Mont BLANC; which is so much higher than the sur-

Shining into distant lands
Like a new-created star.

While I struggled through the fight,
ALBERT was my sword and shield;
Till strange horror quench'd my sight,
And I fainted on the field.

Slow awakening from that trance,
When my soul return'd to day,
Vanish'd were the fiends of France,
— But in ALBERT's blood I lay.

---

rounding Alps, that it catches and retains the beams of the sun *twenty minutes* earlier and later than they, and, crowned with eternal ice, may be seen from an immense distance, purpling with his eastern light, or crimsoned with his setting glory, while mist and obscurity rest on the mountains below.

Slain for me, his dearest breath
On my lips he did resign;
Slain for me, he snatch'd his death
From the blow that menaced mine.

He had raised his dying head,
And was gazing on my face;
As I woke, — the spirit fled,
But I *felt* his last embrace."

Shep. " Man of suffering! such a tale
Would wring tears from marble eyes!"
Wand. " Ha! my daughter's cheek grows pale!"
W.'s Wife. " Help, O help! my daughter dies!"

Wand. " Calm thy transports, O my wife!
Peace for these dear orphans' sake!"
W.'s Wife. " O my joy, my hope, my life,
O my child, my child, awake!"

Wand. " God ! O God, whose goodness gives ;
God ! whose wisdom takes away ;
Spare my child ! "

Shep. ——————— " She lives, she lives ! "

Wand. " Lives ? — my daughter, didst thou say ?

God Almighty, on my knees,
In the dust will I adore
Thine unsearchable decrees ;
— She was dead : — she lives once more."

W.'s Dtr. " When poor Albert died, no prayer
Call'd him back to hated life :
O that I had perish'd there,
Not his widow, but his wife ! "

Wand. " Dare my daughter thus repine ?
Albert, answer from above ;
Tell me, — are these infants thine,
Whom their mother does not love ? "

W.'s Dtr. " Does not love! — my father hear;
Hear me, or my heart will break;
Dear is life, but only dear,
For my parents', children's sake.

Bow'd to Heaven's mysterious will,
I am worthy yet of you;
Yes! — I am a mother still,
Though I feel a widow too."

Wand. " Mother, Widow, Mourner, all,
All kind names in one, — my child;
On thy faithful neck I fall;
Kiss me, — are we reconciled?"

W.'s Dtr. " Yes, to ALBERT I appeal: —
ALBERT, answer from above,
That my father's breast may feel
All his daughter's heart of love."

Shep.'s Wife. " Faint and way-worn as they be
With the day's long journey, Sire,
Let thy pilgrim family
Now with me to rest retire."

Wand. " Yes, the hour invites to sleep;
Till the morrow we must part:
— Nay, my daughter, do not weep,
Do not weep and break my heart.

Sorrow-soothing sweet repose
On your peaceful pillows light;
Angel-hands your eyelids close;
Dream of Paradise to-night."

END OF THE FOURTH PART.

THE

WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

PART V.

The Wanderer, being left alone with the Shepherd, relates his adventures after the battle of Underwalden.

Shep. "WHEN the good man yields his breath,
(For the good man never dies,)
Bright beyond the gulph of death,
Lo! the land of promise lies.

Peace to ALBERT'S awful shade,
In that land where sorrows cease;
And to ALBERT'S ashes, laid
In the earth's cold bosom, peace."

Wand. " On the fatal field I lay
Till the hour when twilight pale,
Like the ghost of dying day,
Wander'd down the darkening vale.

Then in agony I rose,
And with horror look'd around,
Where embracing, friends and foes,
Dead and dying, strew'd the ground.

Many a widow fixed her eye,
Weeping where her husband bled,
Heedless, though her babe was by
Prattling to his father dead.

Many a mother, in despair
Turning up the ghastly slain,
Sought her son, her hero there,
Whom she long'd to seek in vain.

Dark the evening-shadows roll'd
On the eye that gleam'd in death;
And the evening-dews fell cold
On the lip that gasp'd for breath.

As I gazed, an ancient dame,
— She was *childless* by her look, —
With refreshing cordials came;
Of her bounty I partook.

Then, with desperation bold,
ALBERT's precious corpse I bore
On these shoulders weak and old,
Bow'd with misery before.

ALBERT's angel gave me strength,
As I stagger'd down the glen;
And I hid my charge at length
In its wildest, deepest den.

Then returning through the shade
To the battle-scene, I sought,
'Mongst the slain, an axe and spade;—
With such weapons FREEMEN fought.

Scythes for swords our youth did wield
In that execrable strife;
Ploughshares in that horrid field
Bled with slaughter, breathed with life.

In a dark and lonely cave,
While the glimmering moon arose,
Thus I dug my ALBERT'S grave;
There his hallow'd limbs repose.

Tears then, tears too long represt,
Gush'd:— they fell like healing balm,
Till the whirlwind in my breast
Died into a dreary calm.

On the fresh earth's humid bed,
Where my martyr lay enshrined,
This forlorn unhappy head,
Crazed with anguish, I reclined.

But while o'er my weary eyes
Soothing slumbers seem'd to creep,
Forth I sprang, with strange surprise,
From the clasping arms of sleep.

For the bones of ALBERT dead
Heaved the turf with horrid throes,
And his grave beneath my head
Burst asunder; — ALBERT rose!

'Ha! my Son — my Son,' I cried,
'Wherefore hast thou left thy grave?'
— 'Fly, my father,' — he replied;
'Save my wife — my children save.' —

In the passing of a breath
This tremendous scene was o'er:
Darkness shut the gates of Death,
Silence seal'd them as before.

One pale moment fix'd I stood
In astonishment severe;
Horror petrified my blood,—
I was wither'd up with fear.

Then a sudden trembling came
O'er my limbs; I felt on fire,
Burning, quivering like a flame
In the instant to expire."

Shep. "Rather like the mountain-oak,
Tempest-shaken, rooted fast,
Grasping strength from every stroke,
While it wrestles with the blast."

Wand. Ay! — my heart, unwont to yield,
Quickly quell'd the strange affright,
And undaunted o'er the field
I began my lonely flight.

Loud the gusty night-wind blew; —
Many an awful pause between,
Fits of light and darkness flew,
Wild and sudden o'er the scene.

For the moon's resplendent eye
Gleams of transient glory shed;
And the clouds, athwart the sky,
Like a routed army fled.

Sounds and voices fill'd the vale,
Heard alternate loud and low;
Shouts of victory swell'd the gale,
But the breezes murmur'd woe.

As I climb'd the mountain's side,
Where the Lake and Valley meet,
All my country's power and pride
Lay in ruins at my feet.

On that grim and ghastly plain,
UNDERWALDEN'S heart-strings broke,
When she saw her heroes slain,
And her rocks receive the yoke.

On that plain, in childhood's hours,
From their mother's arms set free,
Oft those heroes gather'd flowers,
Often chased the wandering bee.

On that plain, in rosy youth,
They had fed their fathers' flocks,
Told their love, and pledged their truth,
In the shadow of those rocks.

There, with shepherd's pipe and song,
In the merry mingling dance,
Once they led their brides along,
Now! —— Perdition seize thee, France!"

Shep. " Heard not Heaven the accusing cries
Of the blood that smoked around,
While the life-warm sacrifice
Palpitated on the ground?"

Wand. " Wrath in silence heaps his store,
To confound the guilty foe;
But the thunder will not roar
Till the flash has struck the blow.

Vengeance, Vengeance will not stay:
It shall burst on GALLIA's head,
Sudden as the judgment-day
To the unexpecting dead.

From the Revolution's flood
Shall a fiery dragon start;
He shall drink his mother's blood,
He shall eat his father's heart.

Nurst by Anarchy and Crime,
He —— but distance mocks my sight,
O thou great avenger, TIME!
Bring thy strangest birth to light."

Shep. " Prophet, thou hast spoken well,
And I deem thy words divine:
Now the mournful sequel, tell
Of thy country's woes and thine."

Wand. " Though the moon's bewilder'd bark,
By the midnight tempest tost,
In a sea of vapours dark,
In a gulf of clouds was lost;

Still my journey I pursued,
Climbing many a weary steep,
Whence the closing scene I view'd
With an eye that would not weep.

STANTZ — a melancholy pyre —
And her hamlets blazed behind,
With ten thousand tongues of fire,
Writhing, raging in the wind. *

Flaming piles, where'er I turn'd,
Cast a grim and dreadful light;
Like funereal lamps they burn'd
In the sepulchre of night;

* The town of STANTZ, and the surrounding villages, were burnt by the French on the night after the battle of UNDERWALDEN, and the beautiful valley was converted into a wilderness.

While the red illumined flood,
With a hoarse and hollow roar,
Seem'd a lake of living blood,
Wildly weltering on the shore.

'Midst the mountains far away,
Soon I spied the sacred spot,
Whence a slow consuming ray
Glimmer'd from my native cot.

At the sight my brain was fired,
And afresh my heart's wounds bled;
Still I gazed: — the spark expired —
Nature seem'd extinct: — I fled. —

Fled; and, ere the noon of day,
Reach'd the lonely goat-herd's nest,
Where my wife, my children lay —
Husband — Father —— think the rest."

END OF THE FIFTH PART.

THE

WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

PART VI.

The Wanderer informs the Shepherd, that, after the example of many of his countrymen flying from the Tyranny of France, it is his intention to settle in some remote province of America

Shep. "WANDERER, whither wouldst thou roam;
To what region far away
Bend thy steps to find a home,
In the twilight of thy day?"

Wand. "In the twilight of my day
I am hastening to the West;
There my weary limbs to lay,
Where the sun retires to rest.

Far beyond the Atlantic floods,
Stretch'd beneath the evening sky,
Realms of mountains, dark with woods,
In Columbia's bosom lie.

There, in glens and caverns rude,
Silent since the world began,
Dwells the virgin Solitude,
Unbetray'd by faithless man;

Where a tyrant never trod,
Where a slave was never known,
But where Nature worships God
In the wilderness alone;

—Thither, thither would I roam;
There my children may be free:
I for them will find a home,
They shall find a grave for me.

Though my fathers' bones afar
In their native land repose,
Yet beneath the twilight star
Soft on mine the turf shall close

Though the mould that wraps my clay
When this storm of life is o'er,
Never since creation lay
On a human breast before;—

Yet in sweet communion there,
When she follows to the dead,
Shall my bosom's partner share
Her poor husband's lowly bed.

ALBERT's babes shall deck our grave,
And my daughter's duteous tears
Bid the flowery verdure wave
Through the winter-waste of years."

Shep. " Long before thy sun descend,
May thy woes and wanderings cease;
Late and lovely be thine end;
Hope and triumph, joy and peace!

As our lakes, at day's decline,
Brighten through the gathering gloom,
May thy latest moments shine
Through the night-fall of the tomb."

Wand. " Though our Parent perish'd here,
Like the Phœnix on her nest,
Lo! new-fledged her wings appear,
Hovering in the golden West.

Thither shall her sons repair,
And beyond the roaring main
Find their native country there,
Find their SWITZERLAND again.

Mountains, can ye chain the will?
Ocean, canst thou quench the heart?
No; I feel my country still,
LIBERTY! where'er thou art.

Thus it was in hoary time,
When our fathers sallied forth,
Full of confidence sublime,
From the famine-wasted North.*

* There is a tradition among the Swiss, that they are descended from the ancient Scandinavians; among whom, in a remote age, there arose so grievous a famine, that it was determined in the Assembly of the Nation, that every tenth man and his family should quit their country, and seek a new possession. Six thousand, chosen by lot, thus emigrated at once from the North. They prayed to God to conduct them to a land like their own, where they might dwell in freedom and quiet, finding food for their families, and pasture for their cattle. God, says the tradition, led them to a valley among the Alps, where they cleared away the forests, built the town of Switz, and afterwards peopled and cultivated the cantons of Uri and Underwalden.

'Freedom, in a land of rocks
'Wild as Scandinavia, give,
'POWER ETERNAL!—where our flocks
'And our little ones may live.'

Thus they pray'd;—a secret hand
Led them by a path unknown,
To that dear delightful land
Which I yet must call my own.

To the Vale of SWITZ they came:
Soon their meliorating toil
Gave the forests to the flame,
And their ashes to the soil.

Thence their ardent labours spread,
Till above the mountain-snows
Towering beauty shew'd her head,
And a new creation rose!

— So, in regions wild and wide,
We will pierce the savage woods,
Clothe the rocks in purple pride,
Plough the valleys, tame the floods ; —

Till a beauteous inland isle,
By a forest-sea embraced,
Shall make Desolation smile
In the depth of his own waste.

There, unenvied and unknown,
We shall dwell secure and free,
In a country all our own,
In a land of Liberty."

Shep. " Yet the woods, the rocks, the streams,
Unbeloved, shall bring to mind,
Warm with Evening's purple beams,
Dearer objects left behind ; —

And thy native country's song,
Caroll'd in a foreign clime,
When new echoes shall prolong,
— Simple, tender, and sublime;—

How will thy poor cheek turn pale,
And, before thy banish'd eyes,
UNDERWALDEN'S charming vale,
And thine own sweet cottage, rise!"

Wand. " By the glorious ghost of TELL;
By MORGARTHEN'S awful fray;
By the field where ALBERT fell
In thy last and bitter day;

SOUL OF SWITZERLAND, arise!
—— Ha! the spell has waked the dead:
From her ashes to the skies
SWITZERLAND exalts her head.

See the Queen of Mountains stand,
In immortal mail complete,
With the lightning in her hand,
And the Alps beneath her feet.

Hark! her voice: — 'My sons, awake:
'Freedom dawns, behold the day:
'From the bed of bondage break,
'Tis your Mother calls,—obey.'

At the sound, our Fathers' graves,
On each ancient battle-plain,
Utter groans, and toss like waves
When the wild blast sweeps the main.

Rise, my Brethren: cast away
All the chains that bind you slaves:
Rise,—your Mother's voice obey,
And appease your Fathers' graves.

Strike! — the conflict is begun;
Freemen, Soldiers, follow me.
Shout! — the victory is won, —
SWITZERLAND AND LIBERTY!"

Shep. " Warrior, Warrior, stay thine arm!
Sheathe, O sheathe, thy frantic sword!"
Wand. " Ah! I rave — I faint: — the charm
Flies, —— and memory is restored.

Yes, to agony restored,
From the too transporting charm: —
Sleep for ever, O my sword!
Be thou wither'd, O mine arm!

SWITZERLAND is but a name:
—— Yet I feel, where'er I roam,
That my heart is still the same,
SWITZERLAND is still my home."

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer-evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild:
I perish;—— O my Mother Earth,
Take home thy Child.

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark!—a strange sound affrights mine ear;
My pulse,—my brain runs wild,—I rave;
— Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
——"I am THE GRAVE!

"The GRAVE, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide:
O listen!—I will speak no more:—
Be silent, Pride!

" Art thou a WRETCH of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

" Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

" Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From Wrath and Vengeance wouldst thou flee?
Ah! think not, hope not, fool, to find
A friend in me.

" By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell;
By the dread secrets of my womb;
By Death and Hell;

" I charge thee LIVE ! — repent and pray ;
In dust thine infamy deplore ;
There yet is mercy ; — go thy way,
And sin no more.

" Art thou a MOURNER ? — Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights ?

" O LIVE ! —— and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past :
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

" Art thou a WANDERER ? — Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark ?
A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been,
Misfortune's mark ?

" Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
LIVE ! — thou shalt reach a sheltering port
A quiet home.

" To FRIENDSHIP didst thou trust thy fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast to aim
A surer blow ?

" LIVE ! — and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told :
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.

" Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

" Did WOMAN'S charms thy youth beguile,
And did the Fair One faithless prove?
Hath she betray'd thee with a smile,
And sold thy love?

" LIVE! 'Twas a false bewildering fire:
Too often Love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,
But kills the heart.

" Thou yet shalt know, how sweet, how dear,
To gaze on listening Beauty's eye;
To ask, — and pause in hope and fear
Till she reply.

" A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden faithful prove;
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest
In woman's love.

" —— Whate'er thy lot, — whoe'er thou be, —
Confess thy folly, — kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of GOD.

" A bruised reed he will not break;
Afflictions all his children feel;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal.

" Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his Providence adore:
'Tis done! — Arise! HE bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

" Now, Traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

" There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary Pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

" The Soul, of origin divine,
GOD'S glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day.

" The SUN is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The SOUL, immortal as its Sire,
SHALL NEVER DIE."

THE LYRE.

"AH! WHO WOULD LOVE THE LYRE!"

W. B. STEVENS.

WHERE the roving rill meander'd
Down the green retiring vale,
Poor, forlorn ALCÆUS wander'd,
Pale with thought, serenely pale:
Timeless sorrow o'er his face
Breathed a melancholy grace,
And fix'd on every feature there
The mournful resignation of despair.

O'er his arm, his lyre neglected,
Once his dear companion, hung,
And, in spirit deep dejected,
Thus the pensive poet sung;
While at midnight's solemn noon,
Sweetly shone the cloudless moon,
And all the stars, around his head,
Benignly bright, their mildest influence shed.

" Lyre! O Lyre! my chosen treasure,
" Solace of my bleeding heart;
" Lyre! O Lyre! my only pleasure,
" We must now for ever part;
" For in vain thy poet sings,
" Wooes in vain thine heavenly strings;
" The Muse's wretched sons are born
" To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

" That which ALEXANDER sigh'd for,
" That which CÆSAR's soul possess'd,
" That which heroes, kings, have died for—
" Glory !— animates my breast:
" Hark! the charging trumpets' throats
" Pour their death-defying notes;
" 'To arms!' they call: to arms I fly,
" Like WOLFE to conquer, and like WOLFE to die.

" Soft! — the blood of murder'd legions
" Summons vengeance from the skies;
" Flaming towns and ravaged regions,
" All in awful judgment rise.—
" O then, innocently brave,
" I will wrestle with the wave;
" Lo! Commerce spreads the daring sail,
" And yokes her naval chariots to the gale.

" Blow, ye breezes!—gently blowing,
" Waft me to that happy shore,
" Where, from fountains ever flowing,
" Indian realms their treasures pour;
" Thence returning, poor in health,
" Rich in honesty and wealth,
" O'er thee, my dear paternal soil,
" I'll strew the golden harvest of my toil.

" Then shall Misery's sons and daughters
" In their lowly dwellings sing:
" Bounteous as the Nile's dark waters,
" Undiscover'd as the spring,
" I will scatter o'er the land
" Blessings with a secret hand;
" For such angelic tasks design'd,
" I give the lyre and sorrow to the wind."

On an oak, whose branches hoary
Sigh'd to every passing breeze,
Sigh'd and told the simple story
Of the patriarch of trees;
High in air his harp he hung,
Now no more to rapture strung;
Then warm in hope, no longer pale,
He blush'd adieu, and rambled down the dale.

Lightly touch'd by fairy fingers,
Hark! — the Lyre enchants the wind;
Fond ALCÆUS listens, lingers,
— Lingering, listening, looks behind.
Now the music mounts on high,
Sweetly swelling through the sky;
To every tone, with tender heat,
His heart-strings vibrate, and his pulses beat.

Now the strains to silence stealing,
Soft in ecstasies expire;
Oh! with what romantic feeling
Poor ALCÆUS grasps the Lyre.
Lo! his furious hand he flings
In a tempest o'er the strings;
He strikes the chords so quick, so loud,
'Tis JOVE that scatters lightning from a cloud.

"Lyre! O Lyre! my chosen treasure,
"Solace of my bleeding heart;
"Lyre! O Lyre! my only pleasure,
"We will never, never part.
"Glory, Commerce, now in vain
"Tempt me to the field, the main;
"The Muse's sons are blest, though born
"To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

" What, though all the world neglect me,
" Shall my haughty soul repine?
" And shall poverty deject me,
" While this hallow'd Lyre is mine?
" Heaven — that o'er my helpless head
" Many a wrathful vial shed, —
" Heaven gave this Lyre, — and thus decreed,
" Be thou a *bruised*, but not a *broken* reed."

REMONSTRANCE TO WINTER.

AH! why, unfeeling WINTER, why
Still flags thy torpid wing?
Fly, melancholy Season, fly,
And yield the year to SPRING.

Spring, — the young harbinger of love,
An exile in disgrace, —
Flits o'er the scene, like NOAH's dove,
Nor finds a resting-place.

When on the mountain's azure peak
Alights her fairy form,
Cold blow the winds, — and dark and bleak
Around her rolls the storm.

If to the valley she repair
For shelter and defence,
Thy wrath pursues the mourner there,
And drives her, weeping, thence.

She seeks the brook, the faithless brook,
Of her unmindful grown,
Feels the chill magic of thy look,
And lingers into stone.

She wooes her embryo-flowers in vain
To rear their infant heads;—
Deaf to her voice, her flowers remain
Enchanted in their beds.

In vain she bids the trees expand
Their green luxuriant charms;—
Bare in the wilderness they stand,
And stretch their withering arms.

Her favourite birds, in feeble notes,
  Lament thy long delay;
And strain their little stammering throats
  To charm thy blasts away.

Ah, WINTER, calm thy cruel rage,
  Release the struggling year;
Thy power is past, decrepit Sage,
  Arise and disappear.

The stars that graced thy splendid night
  Are lost in warmer rays;
The Sun, rejoicing in his might,
  Unrolls celestial days.

Then why, usurping WINTER, why
  Still flags thy frozen wing?
Fly, unrelenting tyrant, fly —
  And yield the year to SPRING.

SONG.

ROUND LOVE'S Elysian bowers
The fairest prospects rise;
There bloom the sweetest flowers,
There shine the purest skies:
And joy and rapture gild awhile
The cloudless heaven of BEAUTY'S smile.

Round LOVE'S deserted bowers
Tremendous rocks arise;
Cold mildews blight the flowers,
Tornadoes rend the skies:
And PLEASURE'S waning moon goes down
Amid the night of BEAUTY'S frown.

Then YOUTH, thou fond believer!
The wily Siren shun:
Who trusts the dear Deceiver
Will surely be undone.
When BEAUTY triumphs, ah! beware;—
Her smile is hope—her frown despair.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER

A DRAWING OF YARDLEY OAK,

CELEBRATED BY COWPER.

See Hayley's Life and Letters of W. Cowper, Esq.

THIS sole survivor of a race
Of giant oaks, where once the wood
Rang with the battle or the chase,
In stern and lonely grandeur stood.

From age to age it slowly spread
Its gradual boughs to sun and wind;
From age to age its noble head
As slowly wither'd and declined.

A thousand years are like a day,
When fled; — nó longer known than seen;
This tree was doom'd to pass away,
And be as if it *ne'er* had been; —

But mournful COWPER, wandering nigh,
For rest beneath its shadow came,
When lo! the voice of days gone by
Ascended from its hollow frame.

O that the Poet had reveal'd
The words of those prophetic strains,
Ere Death the eternal mystery seal'd!
—— Yet in his song the Oak remains.

And fresh in undecaying prime,
There may it live, beyond the power
Of storm and earthquake, Man and Time,
Till Nature's conflagration-hour.

SONG

Written for a Society, whose Motto was
"FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH."

WHEN "Friendship, Love, and Truth" abound
Among a band of BROTHERS,
The cup of joy goes gaily round,
Each shares the bliss of others:
Sweet roses grace the thorny way
Along this vale of sorrow;
The flowers that shed their leaves to-day
Shall bloom again to-morrow:
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH!"

On halcyon wings our moments pass,
Life's cruel cares beguiling;

Old TIME lays down his scythe and glass,
In gay good humour smiling:
With ermine beard and forelock grey,
His reverend front adorning,
He looks like Winter turn'd to May,
Night soften'd into morning.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH!"

From these delightful fountains flow
Ambrosial rills of pleasure:
Can man desire, can Heaven bestow,
A more resplendent treasure?
Adorn'd with gems so richly bright,
We'll form a Constellation,
Where every Star, with modest light,
Shall gild his proper station.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH!"

RELIGION,

AN OCCASIONAL HYMN.

THROUGH shades and solitudes profound
The fainting traveller winds his way;
Bewildering meteors glare around,
And tempt his wandering feet astray.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to his eye,
The sudden moon's inspiring light,
When forth she sallies through the sky,
The guardian angel of the night.

Thus mortals, blind and weak, below
Pursue the phantom Bliss, in vain;
The world's a wilderness of woe,
And life a pilgrimage of pain,

Till mild RELIGION, from above,
Descends, a sweet engaging form—
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise in a storm.

Then guilty passions wing their flight,
Sorrow, remorse, affliction cease;
RELIGION's yoke is soft and light,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

Ambition, pride, revenge depart,
And folly flies her chastening rod;
She makes the humble contrite heart
A temple of the living GOD.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.

At her approach the Grave appears
The Gate of Paradise restored;
Her voice the watching Cherub hears,
And drops his double-flaming sword.

Baptized with her renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain;
Rise when the Host of Heaven expire,
And reign with God, for ever reign!

"THE JOY OF GRIEF."

OSSIAN.

SWEET the hour of tribulation,
When the heart can freely sigh,
And the tear of resignation
Twinkles in the mournful eye.

Have you felt a kind emotion
Tremble through your troubled breast;
Soft as evening o'er the ocean,
When she charms the waves to rest?

Have you lost a friend, or brother?
Heard a father's parting breath?
Gazed upon a lifeless mother,
Till she seem'd to wake from death?

Have you felt a spouse expiring
In your arms before your view?
Watch'd the lovely soul retiring
From her eyes that broke on you?

Did not grief then grow romantic,
Raving on remember'd bliss?
Did you not, with fervour frantic,
Kiss the lips that felt no kiss?

Yes! but, when you had resign'd her,
Life and you were reconciled;
ANNA left—she left behind her,
One, one dear, one only child.

But before the green moss peeping,
His poor mother's grave array'd,
In that grave the infant sleeping
On the mother's lap was laid.

Horror then, your heart congealing,
Chill'd you with intense despair:
Can you call to mind the feeling?
No! there was no feeling there.

From that gloomy trance of sorrow,
When you woke to pangs unknown,
How unwelcome was the morrow,
For it rose on YOU ALONE!

Sunk in self-consuming anguish,
Can the poor heart always ache?
No, the tortured nerve will languish,
Or the strings of life must break.

O'er the yielding brow of Sadness
One faint smile of comfort stole;
One soft pang of tender gladness
Exquisitely thrill'd your soul.

While the wounds of woe are healing,
While the heart is all resign'd;
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,
'Tis the sabbath of the mind.

Pensive memory then retraces
Scenes of bliss for ever fled,
Lives in former times and places,
Holds communion with the dead.

And when night's prophetic slumbers
Rend the veil to mortal eyes,
From their tombs the sainted numbers
Of our lost companions rise.

You have seen a friend, a brother,
Heard a dear dead father speak;
Proved the fondness of a mother,
Felt her tears upon your cheek.

Dreams of love your grief beguiling,
You have clasp'd a consort's charms,
And received your infant smiling
From his mother's sacred arms.

Trembling, pale, and agonizing,
While you mourn'd the vision gone,
Bright the morning-star arising,
Open'd heav'n, from whence it shone.

Thither all your wishes bending,
Rose in ecstasy sublime,
Thither all your hopes ascending
Triumph'd over death and time.

Thus afflicted, bruised, and broken,
Have you known such sweet relief?
Yes, my friend; and by this token,
You have felt "THE JOY OF GRIEF."

THE BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.

*** *At Thebes, in Ancient Egypt, was erected a statue of Memnon, with a harp in his hand, which is said to have hailed with delightful music the rising sun, and in melancholy tones to have mourned his departure. The introduction of this celebrated Lyre, on a modern occasion, will be censured as an anachronism by those only who think that its chords have been touched unskilfully.*

HARP of Memnon! sweetly strung
To the music of the spheres;
While the HERO's dirge is sung,
Breathe enchantment to our ears.

As the SUN's descending beams,
Glancing o'er thy feeling wire,
Kindle every chord that gleams,
Like a ray of heavenly fire:

Let thy numbers, soft and slow,
O'er the plain with carnage spread,
Soothe the dying, while they flow
To the memory of the dead.

Bright as VENUS, newly born,
Blushing at her maiden charms;
Fresh from Ocean rose the Morn,
When the trumpet blew to arms.

O that Time had stay'd its flight,
Ere that Morning left the main —
Fatal as the EGYPTIAN night,
When the eldest born were slain.

Lash'd to madness by the wind,
As the Red Sea surges roar,
Leave a gloomy gulf behind,
And devour the shrinking shore;

Thus, with overwhelming pride,
GALLIA's brightest, boldest boast,
In a deep and dreadful tide,
Roll'd upon the BRITISH host.

Dauntless these their station held,
Though, with unextinguish'd ire,
GALLIA's legions, thrice repell'd,
Thrice return'd through blood and fire.

Thus, above the storms of time,
Towering to the sacred spheres,
Stand the Pyramids sublime—
Rocks amid the flood of years.

Now the veteran CHIEF drew nigh,
Conquest towering on his crest,
Valour beaming from his eye,
Pity bleeding in his breast.

BRITAIN saw him thus advance
In her Guardian-Angel's form;
But he lower'd on hostile FRANCE,
Like the Demon of the Storm.

On the whirlwind of the war
High he rode in vengeance dire;
To his friends a leading star,
To his foes consuming fire.

Then the mighty pour'd their breath,
Slaughter feasted on the brave;
'Twas the Carnival of Death;
'Twas the Vintage of the Grave.

Charged with ABERCROMBIE's doom,
Lightning wing'd a cruel ball:
'Twas the Herald of the Tomb,
And the HERO felt the call—

Felt — and raised his arm on high;
Victory well the signal knew,
Darted from his awful eye,
And the force of FRANCE o'erthrew.

But the horrors of that fight,
Were the weeping MUSE to tell,
O 't would cleave the womb of night,
And awake the dead that fell!

Gash'd with honourable scars,
Low in Glory's lap they lie;
Though they fell, they fell like stars,
Streaming splendour through the sky.

Yet shall Memory mourn that day,
When, with expectation pale,
Of her soldier far away
The poor widow hears the tale.

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In imagination wild,
She shall wander o'er this plain,
Rave,—and bid her orphan-child
Seek his sire among the slain.

Gently, from the western deep,
O ye evening breezes, rise!
O'er the Lyre of MEMNON sweep,
Wake its spirit with your sighs.

Harp of MEMNON! sweetly strung
To the music of the spheres;
While the HERO's dirge is sung
Breathe enchantment to our ears.

Let thy numbers soft and slow
O'er the plain with carnage spread,
Soothe the dying, while they flow
To the memory of the dead.

None but solemn, tender tones
  Tremble from thy plaintive wires:
Hark! the wounded WARRIOR groans:
  Hush thy warbling!—he expires.

Hush!—while Sorrow wakes and weeps:
  O'er his relics cold and pale,
Night her silent vigil keeps,
  In a mournful moonlight veil.

Harp of MEMNON! from afar,
  Ere the lark salute the sky,
Watch the rising of the star
  That proclaims the morning nigh.

Soon the Sun's ascending rays,
  In a flood of hallow'd fire,
O'er thy kindling chords shall blaze,
  And thy magic soul inspire.

Then thy tones triumphant pour,
Let them pierce the HERO's grave;
Life's tumultuous battle o'er,
O how sweetly sleep the brave!

From the dust their laurels bloom,
High they shoot and flourish free;
Glory's Temple is the tomb;
Death is immortality.

THE PILLOW.

THE head that oft this PILLOW press'd,
That aching head, is gone to rest;
Its little pleasures now no more,
And all its mighty sorrows o'er
For ever, in the worm's dark bed,
For ever sleeps that humble head!
MY FRIEND was young, the world was new;
The world was false, MY FRIEND was true;
Lowly his lot, his birth obscure,
His fortune hard, MY FRIEND was poor;

To wisdom he had no pretence,
A child of suffering, not of sense;
For NATURE never did impart
A weaker or a warmer heart.
His fervent soul, a soul of flame,
Consumed its frail terrestrial frame;
That fire from Heaven so fiercely burn'd,
That whence it came it soon return'd:
And yet, O PILLOW! yet to me,
My gentle FRIEND survives in thee;
In thee, the partner of his bed,
In thee, the widow of the dead.
On HELICON'S inspiring brink,
Ere yet MY FRIEND had learn'd to think,
Once as he pass'd the careless day
Among the whispering reeds at play,
The MUSE OF SORROW wander'd by;
Her pensive beauty fix'd his eye;

With sweet astonishment he smiled;
The Gipsy saw — she stole the child;
And soft on her ambrosial breast
Sang the delighted babe to rest;
Convey'd him to her inmost grove,
And loved him with a Mother's love.
Awaking from his rosy nap,
And gaily sporting on her lap,
His wanton fingers o'er her lyre
Twinkled like electric fire:
Quick and quicker as they flew,
Sweet and sweeter tones they drew;
Now a bolder hand he flings,
And dives among the deepest strings;
Then forth the music brake like thunder;
Back he started, wild with wonder.
The Muse of Sorrow wept for joy,
And clasp'd and kiss'd her chosen boy.

Ah! then no more his smiling hours
Were spent in Childhood's Eden-bowers;
The fall from Infant-innocence,
The fall to knowledge drives us thence:
O Knowledge! worthless at the price,
Bought with the loss of PARADISE.
As happy ignorance declined,
And reason rose upon his mind,
Romantic hopes and fond desires
(Sparks of the soul's immortal fires)
Kindled within his breast the rage
To breathe through every future age,
To clasp the flitting shade of fame,
To build an everlasting name,
O'erleap the narrow vulgar span,
And live beyond the life of man.
Then NATURE's charms his heart possess'd,
And NATURE's glory fill'd his breast:

The sweet Spring-morning's infant rays,
Meridian Summer's youthful blaze,
Maturer Autumn's evening mild,
And hoary Winter's midnight wild,
Awoke his eye, inspired his tongue;
For every scene he loved, he sung.
Rude were his songs, and simple truth,
Till Boyhood blossom'd into Youth;
Then nobler themes his fancy fired,
To bolder flights his soul aspired;
And as the new moon's opening eye
Broadens and brightens through the sky,
From the dim streak of western light
To the full orb that rules the night;
Thus, gathering lustre in its race,
And shining through unbounded space,
From earth to heaven his GENIUS soar'd,
Time and eternity explored,

And hail'd, where'er its footsteps trod,
In NATURE's temple, NATURE's GOD:
Or pierced the human breast to scan
The hidden majesty of Man;
Man's hidden weakness too descried,
His glory, grandeur, meanness, pride:
Pursued along their erring course
The streams of passion to their source:
Or in the mind's creation sought
New stars of fancy, worlds of thought.
— Yet still through all his strains would flow
A tone of uncomplaining woe,
Kind as the tear in Pity's eye,
Soft as the slumbering Infant's sigh,
So sweetly, exquisitely wild,
It spake the MUSE OF SORROW's child.
O PILLOW! then, when light withdrew,
To thee the fond enthusiast flew;

On thee, in pensive mood reclined,
He pour'd his contemplative mind,
Till o'er his eyes with mild control
Sleep like a soft enchantment stole,
Charm'd into life his airy schemes,
And realised his waking dreams.

Soon from those waking dreams he woke,
The fairy spell of fancy broke;
In vain he breathed a soul of fire
Through every chord that strung his lyre.
No friendly echo cheer'd his tongue;
Amidst the wilderness he sung;
Louder and bolder bards were crown'd,
Whose dissonance his music drown'd:
The public ear, the public voice,
Despised his song, denied his choice,
Denied a name, — a life in death,
Denied — a bubble and a breath.

Stript of his fondest, dearest claim,
And disinherited of fame,
To thee, O PILLOW! thee alone,
He made his silent anguish known;
His haughty spirit scorn'd the blow
That laid his high ambition low;
But, ah! his looks assumed in vain
A cold ineffable disdain,
While deep he cherish'd in his breast
The scorpion that consumed his rest.

Yet other secret griefs had he,
O PILLOW! only told to thee:
Say, did not hopeless love intrude
On his poor bosom's solitude?
Perhaps on thy soft lap reclined,
In dreams the cruel FAIR was kind,
That more intensely he might know
The bitterness of waking woe.

Whate'er those pangs from me conceal'd,
To thee in midnight groans reveal'd,
They stung remembrance to despair:
" A wounded spirit who can bear! "
Meanwhile Disease, with slow decay,
Moulder'd his feeble frame away;
And as his evening sun declined,
The shadows deepen'd o'er his mind.
What doubts and terrors then possess'd
The dark dominion of his breast!
How did delirious fancy dwell
On Madness, Suicide, and Hell!
There was on earth no POWER to save:
—— But, as he shudder'd o'er the grave,
He saw from realms of light descend
The friend of him who has no friend,
RELIGION! — Her almighty breath
Rebuked the winds and waves of death;

She bade the storm of frenzy cease,
And smiled a calm, and whisper'd peace:
Amidst that calm of sweet repose,
To HEAVEN his gentle Spirit rose.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE JOSEPH BROWNE,
OF LOTHERSDALE,
ONE OF THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS,

Who had suffered a long Confinement in the Castle of York, and Loss of all his worldly Property, for Conscience Sake.

"SPIRIT, leave thine house of clay;
Lingering Dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!"

Thus thy GUARDIAN ANGEL spoke,
As he watch'd thy dying bed;
As the bonds of life he broke,
And the ransom'd captive fled.

" Prisoner, long detain'd below;
Prisoner, now with freedom blest;
Welcome, from a world of woe,
Welcome, to a land of rest!"

Thus thy GUARDIAN ANGEL sang,
As he bore thy soul on high;
While with Hallelujahs rang
All the region of the sky.

—— Ye that mourn a FATHER's loss,
Ye that weep a FRIEND no more,
Call to mind the CHRISTIAN cross,
Which your FRIEND, your FATHER, bore.

Grief, and penury, and pain,
Still attended on his way,
And Oppression's scourge and chain,
More unmerciful than they.

Yet while travelling in distress
('T was the eldest curse of sin)
Through the world's waste wilderness,
He had paradise within.

And along that vale of tears,
Which his humble footsteps trod,
Still a shining path appears,
Where the MOURNER walk'd with GOD.

Till his MASTER, from above,
When the promised hour was come,
Sent the chariot of his love,
To convey the WANDERER home.

Saw ye not the wheels of fire,
And the steeds that cleft the wind?
Saw ye not his soul aspire,
When his mantle dropp'd behind?

Ye who caught it as it fell,
Bind that mantle round your breast;
So in you his meekness dwell,
So on you his spirit rest!

Yet, rejoicing in his lot,
Still shall Memory love to weep
O'er the venerable spot
Where his dear cold relics sleep.

Grave! the guardian of his dust,
Grave! the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise.

Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls —
"Soul, rebuild thine house of clay:
IMMORTALITY thy walls,
And ETERNITY thy day!"

THE

THUNDER-STORM.

O FOR Evening's brownest shade!
Where the breezes play by stealth
In the forest-cinctured glade,
Round the hermitage of HEALTH:
While the noon-bright mountains blaze
In the sun's tormenting rays.

O'er the sick and sultry plains,
Through the dim delirious air,
Agonizing silence reigns,
And the wanness of despair:
NATURE faints with fervent heat,
Ah! her pulse hath ceased to beat.

Now, in deep and dreadful gloom,
  Clouds on clouds portentous spread,
Black as if the day of doom
  Hung o'er NATURE's shrinking head:
Lo! the lightning breaks from high,
— God is coming! — God is nigh!

Hear ye not his chariot-wheels,
  As the mighty thunder rolls?
NATURE, startled NATURE reels,
  From the centre to the poles;
Tremble! — Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Tremble! — God is passing by!

Darkness, wild with horror, forms
  His mysterious hiding-place;
Should He, from his ark of storms,
  Rend the veil, and show his face,

At the judgment of his eye,
All the universe would die.

Brighter, broader lightnings flash,
Hail and rain tempestuous fall;
Louder, deeper thunders crash,
Desolation threatens all;
Struggling NATURE gasps for breath
In the agony of death.

GOD OF VENGEANCE, from above
While thine awful bolts are hurl'd,
O remember thou art LOVE!
Spare! O spare a guilty world!
Stay Thy flaming wrath a while,
See Thy bow of promise smile.

Welcome in the eastern cloud,
Messenger of Mercy still;

Now, ye winds, proclaim aloud,
" Peace on Earth, to Man good will."
NATURE! GOD's repenting Child,
See thy Parent reconciled.

Hark! the nightingale, afar,
Sweetly sings the sun to rest,
And awakes the evening star
In the rosy-tinted west:
While the moon's enchanting eye
Opens Paradise on high.

Cool and tranquil is the night,
NATURE's sore afflictions cease,
For the storm, that spent its might,
Was a covenant of peace;
VENGEANCE drops her harmless rod:
MERCY is the POWER OF GOD.

ODE

TO THE VOLUNTEERS OF BRITAIN.

On the Prospect of Invasion.

O FOR the death of those
Who for their country die,
Sink on her bosom to repose,
And triumph where they lie!

How beautiful in death
The WARRIOR's corse appears,
Embalm'd by fond AFFECTION's breath,
And bathed in WOMAN's tears!

Their loveliest native earth
Enshrines the fallen brave;
In the dear land that gave them birth
They find their tranquil grave.

—— But the wild waves shall sweep
BRITANNIA's foes away,
And the blue monsters of the deep
Be surfeited with prey. —

No! — they have 'scaped the waves,
'Scaped the sea-monsters' maws;
They come! but O, shall GALLIC SLAVES
Give ENGLISH FREEMEN laws?

By ALFRED's Spirit, No!
— Ring, ring the loud alarms;
Ye drums awake, ye clarion blow,
Ye heralds, shout "To arms!"

To arms our Heroes fly;
And, leading on their lines,
The BRITISH BANNER in the sky,
The star of conquest shines.

The lowering battle forms
Its terrible array;
Like clashing clouds in mountain-storms,
That thunder on their way.

The rushing armies meet;
And while they pour their breath,
The strong earth shudders at their feet,
The day grows dim with death.

—— Ghosts of the mighty dead!
Your children's hearts inspire;
And while they on your ashes tread,
Rekindle all your fire.

The dead to life return;
Our Fathers' spirits rise;
— My brethren, in YOUR breasts they burn,
They sparkle in YOUR eyes.

Now launch upon the foe
The lightning of your rage;
Strike, strike the assailing giants low,
The TITANS of the age.

They yield, — they break, — they fly;
The victory is won:
Pursue! —— they faint, — they fall, — they die:
O stay! —— the work is done.

SPIRIT OF VENGEANCE! rest:
Sweet MERCY cries, "Forbear!"
She clasps the vanquish'd to her breast;
Thou wilt not pierce them there?

—— Thus vanish BRITAIN's foes
From her consuming eye;
But rich be the reward of those
Who conquer, —— those who die.

O'ershadowing laurels deck
The living HERO's brows;
But lovelier wreaths entwine his neck,
— His children and his spouse.

Exulting o'er his lot,
The dangers he has braved,
He clasps the dear ones, hails the cot,
Which his own valour saved.

DAUGHTERS OF ALBION, weep:
On this triumphant plain,
Your fathers, husbands, brethren sleep,
For you and freedom slain.

O gently close the eye
That loved to look on you;
O seal the lip whose earliest sigh,
Whose latest breath was true:

With knots of sweetest flowers
Their winding-sheet perfume;
And wash their wounds with true-love showers,
And dress them for the tomb.

For beautiful in death
The WARRIOR's corse appears,
Embalm'd by fond AFFECTION's breath,
And bathed in WOMAN's tears.

——Give me the death of those
Who for their country die;
And O be mine like their repose,
When cold and low they lie!

Their loveliest mother Earth
Enshrines the fallen brave,
In her sweep lap who gave them birth
They find their tranquil grave.

THE VIGIL OF ST. MARK.

RETURNING from their evening walk,
On yonder ancient stile,
In sweet, romantic, tender talk,
Two lovers paused awhile:

EDMUND, the monarch of the dale,
All conscious of his powers;
ELLA, the lily of the vale,
The rose of AUBURN's bowers.

In airy LOVE's delightful bands
He held her heart in vain;
The Nymph denied her willing hands
To HYMEN's awful chain.

" Ah! why," said he, " our bliss delay?
" Mine ELLA, why so cold?
" Those who but love from day to day,
" From day to day grow old.

" The bounding arrow cleaves the sky,
" Nor leaves a trace behind;
" And single lives like arrows fly,
" — They vanish through the wind.

" In Wedlock's sweet endearing lot
" Let us improve the scene,
" That some may be, when we are not,
" To tell — that we have been."

" 'Tis now," replied the village Belle,
" Saint Mark's mysterious eve;
" And all that old traditions tell
" I tremblingly believe: —

" How, when the midnight signal tolls,
" Along the church-yard green,
" A mournful train of sentenced souls
" In winding-sheets are seen.

" The ghosts of all whom DEATH shall doom
" Within the coming year,
" In pale procession walk the gloom,
" Amid the silence drear.

" If EDMUND, bold in conscious might,
" By love severely tried,
" Can brave the terrors of to-night,
" ELLA will be his bride."

She spake, — and, like the nimble fawn,
From EDMUND'S presence fled:
He sought, across the rural lawn,
The dwelling of the dead.

That silent, solemn, simple spot,
The mouldering realm of peace,
Where human passions are forgot,
Where human follies cease.

The gliding moon through heaven serene
Pursued her tranquil way,
And shed o'er all the sleeping scene
A soft nocturnal day.

With swelling heart and eager feet
Young EDMUND gain'd the church,
And chose his solitary seat
Within the dreadful porch.

Thick, threatening clouds assembled soon,
Their dragon wings displayed;
Eclipsed the slow retiring moon,
And quench'd the stars in shade.

Amid the deep abyss of gloom
No ray of beauty smiled,
Save, glistening o'er some haunted tomb,
The glow-worm's lustre wild.

The village watch-dogs bay'd around,
The long grass whistled drear,
The steeple trembled to the ground,
Ev'n EDMUND quaked with fear.

All on a sudden died the blast,
Dumb horror chill'd the air,
While NATURE seem'd to pause aghast,
In uttermost despair.

— Twelve times the midnight herald told,
As oft did EDMUND start;
For every stroke fell dead and cold
Upon his fainting heart.

Then glaring through the ghastly gloom,
Along the church-yard green,
The destined victims of the tomb
In winding sheets were seen.

In that strange moment EDMUND stood,
Sick with severe surprise;
While creeping horror drank his blood,
And fix'd his flinty eyes.

He saw the secrets of the grave;
He saw the face of DEATH:
No pitying power appear'd to save —
He gasp'd away his breath.

Yet still the scene his soul beguiled,
And every spectre cast
A look, unutterably wild,
On EDMUND as they pass'd.

All on the ground entranced he lay;
At length the vision broke:
— When, lo! — a kiss, as cold as clay,
The slumbering youth awoke.

That moment through a rifted cloud,
The darting moon display'd,
Robed in a melancholy shroud,
The image of a maid.

Her dusky veil aside she threw,
And show'd a face most fair:
" — My Love! my ELLA!" EDMUND flew,
And clasp'd the yielding air.

" Ha! who art thou?" His cheek grew pale:
A well-known voice replied,
" ELLA, the lily of the vale;
" ELLA — thy destined bride."

To win his neck, her airy arms
The pallid phantom spread;
Recoiling from her blasted charms,
The affrighted lover fled.

To shun the visionary maid
His speed outstript the wind;
But,—though unseen to move,—the shade
Was evermore behind.

So DEATH's unerring arrows glide,
Yet seem suspended still;
Nor pause, nor shrink, nor turn aside,
But smite, subdue, and kill.

O'er many a mountain, moor, and vale,
On that tremendous night,
The ghost of ELLA, wild and pale,
Pursued her lover's flight.

But when the dawn began to gleam,
Ere yet the morning shone,
She vanish'd like a nightmare-dream,
And EDMUND stood alone.

Three days, bewilder'd and forlorn,
He sought his home in vain;
At length he hail'd the hoary thorn
That crown'd his native plain.

'Twas evening;—all the air was balm,
The heavens serenely clear;
When the soft music of a psalm
Came pensive o'er his ear.

Then sunk his heart;—a strange surmise
Made all his blood run cold:
He flew,—a funeral met his eyes:
He paused,—a death-bell toll'd.

"'Tis she! 'tis she!"—He burst away;
And bending o'er the spot
Where all that once was ELLA lay,
He all beside forgot.

A maniac now, in dumb despair,
With love-bewilder'd mien,
He wanders, weeps, and watches there,
Among the hillocks green.

And every Eve of pale ST. MARK,
As village hinds relate,
He walks with ELLA in the dark,
And reads the rolls of Fate.

HANNAH.

At fond sixteen my roving heart
Was pierced by Love's delightful dart:
Keen transport throbb'd through every vein,
— I never felt so sweet a pain!

Where circling woods embower'd the glade,
I met the dear romantic maid:
I stole her hand, — it shrunk, — but no;
I would not let my captive go.

With all the fervency of youth,
While passion told the tale of truth,
I mark'd my Hannah's downcast eye —
'Twas kind, but beautifully shy:

Not with a warmer, purer ray,
The sun, enamour'd, wooes young May;
Nor May, with softer maiden grace,
Turns from the Sun her blushing face.

But, swifter than the frighted dove,
Fled the gay morning of my love;
Ah! that so bright a morn, so soon,
Should vanish in so dark a noon.

The angel of Affliction rose,
And in his grasp a thousand woes;
He pour'd his vial on my head,
And all the heaven of rapture fled.

Yet, in the glory of my pride,
I stood, — and all his wrath defied;
I stood, — though whirlwinds shook my brain,
And lightnings cleft my soul in twain.

I shunn'd my nymph;—and knew not why
I durst not meet her gentle eye;
I shunn'd her, for I could not bear
To marry her to my despair.

Yet, sick at heart with hope delay'd,
Oft the dear image of that maid
Glanced, like the rainbow, o'er my mind,
And promised happiness behind.

The storm blew o'er, and in my breast
The halcyon Peace rebuilt her nest:
The storm blew o'er, and clear and mild
The sea of Youth and Pleasure smiled.

'Twas on the merry morn of May,
To HANNAH's cot I took my way:
My eager hopes were on the wing,
Like swallows sporting in the Spring.

Then as I climb'd the mountains o'er,
I lived my wooing days once more;
And fancy sketch'd my married lot,
My wife, my children, and my cot.

I saw the village steeple rise, —
My soul sprang, sparkling, in my eyes:
The rural bells rang sweet and clear, —
My fond heart listen'd in mine ear.

I reach'd the hamlet: — all was gay;
I love a rustic holiday;
I met a wedding, — step'd aside;
It pass'd — my HANNAH was the bride.

—— There is a grief that cannot feel;
It leaves a wound that will not heal;
—— My heart grew cold, — it felt not then:
When shall it cease to feel again?

A FIELD FLOWER.

ON FINDING ONE IN FULL BLOOM, ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1803.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis FLORA's page;—— in every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The Rose has but a summer-reign,
The DAISY never dies.

THE SNOW-DROP.

WINTER, retire,
Thy reign is past;
Hoary Sire,
Yield the sceptre of thy sway,
Sound thy trumpet in the blast,
And call thy storms away.
Winter, retire;
Wherefore do thy wheels delay?
Mount the chariot of thine ire,
And quit the realms of day;
On thy state
Whirlwinds wait;
And blood-shot meteors lend thee light;

Hence to dreary arctic regions
Summon thy terrific legions;
Hence to caves of northern night
Speed thy flight.

From halcyon seas
And purer skies,
O southern breeze!
Awake, arise:
Breath of heaven, benignly blow,
Melt the snow;
Breath of heaven, unchain the floods,
Warm the woods,
And make the mountains flow.

Auspicious to the Muse's prayer,
The freshening gale
Embalms the vale,
And breathes enchantment through the air;

On its wing
Floats the Spring,
With glowing eye, and golden hair:
Dark before her Angel-form
She drives the Demon of the storm,
Like Gladness chasing Care.

Winter's gloomy night withdrawn,
Lo! the young romantic Hours
Search the hill, the dale, the lawn,
To behold the SNOW-DROP white
Start to light,
And shine in FLORA's desert bowers,
Beneath the vernal dawn,
The Morning Star of Flowers.

O welcome to our isle,
Thou Messenger of Peace!

At whose bewitching smile
The embattled tempests cease:
Emblem of Innocence and Truth,
First-born of Nature's womb,
When strong in renovated youth,
She bursts from Winter's tomb;
Thy parent's eye hath shed
A precious dew-drop on thine head,
Frail as a mother's tear
Upon her infant's face,
When ardent hope to tender fear,
And anxious love, gives place.
But, lo! the dew-drop flits away,
The sun salutes thee with a ray
Warm as a mother's kiss
Upon her infant's cheek,
When the heart bounds with bliss,
And joy that cannot speak.

—— When I meet thee by the way,
Like a pretty sportive child,
On the winter-wasted wild,
With thy darling breeze at play,
Opening to the radiant sky
All the sweetness of thine eye;
— Or bright with sunbeams, fresh with showers,
O thou Fairy-Queen of flowers!
Watch thee o'er the plain advance
At the head of FLORA's dance;
Simple SNOW-DROP, then in thee
All thy sister-train I see:
Every brilliant bud that blows,
From the blue-bell to the rose:
All the beauties that appear
On the bosom of the Year,
All that wreathe the locks of Spring,
Summer's ardent breath perfume,

Or on the lap of Autumn bloom,
— All to thee their tribute bring,
Exhale their incense at thy shrine,
— Their hues, their odours, all are thine.
For while thy humble form I view,
The Muse's keen prophetic sight
Brings fair Futurity to light,
And Fancy's magic makes the vision true.

— There is a Winter in my soul,
The winter of despair;
O when shall Spring its rage control?
When shall the SNOW-DROP blossom there?
Cold gleams of comfort sometimes dart
A dawn of glory on my heart,
But quickly pass away:
Thus Northern-lights the gloom adorn,
And give the promise of a morn
That never turns to day!

—— But, hark! methinks I hear
A small still whisper in mine ear;
" Rash youth, repent:
" Afflictions, from above,
" Are angels sent
" On embassies of love.
" A fiery legion at thy birth,
" Of chastening woes were given,
" To pluck the flowers of hope from earth,
" And plant them high
" O'er yonder sky,
" Transform'd to stars, — and fix'd in heaven."

THE OCEAN.

WRITTEN AT SCARBOROUGH, IN THE SUMMER OF 1805.

ALL hail to the ruins*, the rocks and the shores!
Thou wide rolling OCEAN, all hail!
Now brilliant with sunbeams, and dimpled with oars,
Now dark with the fresh-blowing gale,
While soft o'er thy bosom the cloud-shadows sail,
And the silver-wing'd sea-fowl on high,
Like meteors bespangle the sky,
Or dive in the gulf, or triumphantly ride
Like foam on the surges, the swans of the tide.

* Scarborough Castle.

From the tumult and smoke of the city set free,
With eager and awful delight,
From the crest of the mountain I gaze upon thee;
I gaze, — and am changed at the sight;
For mine eye is illumined, my Genius takes flight,
My soul, like the sun, with a glance
Embraces the boundless expanse,
And moves on thy waters, wherever they roll,
From the day-darting zone to the night-shadow'd pole.

My spirit descends where the day-spring is born,
Where the billows are rubies of fire,
And the breezes that rock the light cradle of morn
Are sweet as the Phœnix's pyre:
O regions of beauty, of love, and desire!
O gardens of Eden! in vain
Placed far on the fathomless main,

Where Nature with Innocence dwelt in her youth,
When pure was her heart, and unbroken her truth.

But now the fair rivers of Paradise wind
Through countries and kingdoms o'erthrown;
Where the giant of Tyranny crushes mankind,
Where he reigns, — and will soon reign alone;
For wide and more wide, o'er the sun-beaming zone,
He stretches his hundred-fold arms,
Despoiling, destroying its charms;
Beneath his broad footstep the Ganges is dry,
And the mountains recoil from the flash of his eye.

Thus the pestilent Upas, the Demon of trees,
Its boughs o'er the wilderness spreads,
And with livid contagion polluting the breeze,
Its mildewing influence sheds;

The birds on the wing, and the flowers in their beds,
Are slain by its venomous breath,
That darkens the noonday with death,
And pale ghosts of travellers wander around,
While their mouldering skeletons whiten the ground.

Ah! why hath JEHOVAH, in forming the world,
With the waters divided the land,
His ramparts of rocks round the continent hurl'd,
And cradled the Deep in his hand,
If man may transgress his eternal command,
And leap o'er the bounds of his birth,
To ravage the uttermost earth,
And violate nations and realms that should be
Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea?

There are, gloomy OCEAN, a brotherless clan,
Who traverse thy banishing waves,
The poor disinherited outcasts of man,
Whom Avarice coins into slaves.
From the homes of their kindred, their forefathers' graves,
Love, friendship, and conjugal bliss,
They are dragged on the hoary abyss;
The shark hears their shrieks, and ascending to day,
Demands of the spoiler his share of the prey.

Then joy to the tempest that whelms them beneath,
And makes their destruction its sport;
But woe to the winds that propitiously breathe,
And waft them in safety to port,
Where the vultures and vampires of Mammon resort;

Where Europe exultingly drains
The life-blood from Africa's veins;
Where man rules o'er man with a merciless rod,
And spurns at his footstool the image of God.

The hour is approaching, — a terrible hour!
And Vengeance is bending her bow;
Already the clouds of the hurricane lour,
And the rock-rending whirlwinds blow:
Back rolls the huge OCEAN, Hell opens below:
The floods return headlong, — they sweep
The slave-cultured lands to the deep;
In a moment entomb'd in the horrible void,
By their Maker Himself in his anger destroy'd.

Shall this be the fate of the cane-planted isles,
More lovely than clouds in the west,
When the sun o'er the ocean descending in smiles
Sinks softly and sweetly to rest?
— NO! — Father of mercy! befriend the opprest;

At the voice of thy Gospel of peace
May the sorrows of Africa cease;
And the slave and his master devoutly unite
To walk in thy freedom, and dwell in thy light! *

As homeward my weary-wing'd Fancy extends
Her star-lighted course through the skies,
High over the mighty Atlantic ascends,
And turns upon Europe her eyes:
Ah, me! what new prospects, new horrors arise?
I see the war-tempested flood
All foaming, and panting with blood;
The panic-struck OCEAN in agony roars,
Rebounds from the battle, and flies to his shores.

---

* Alluding to the glorious success of the Moravian Missionaries among the Negroes in the West Indies.

For BRITANNIA is wielding the trident to-day,
Consuming her foes in her ire,
And hurling her thunder with absolute sway
From her wave-ruling chariots of fire:
— She triumphs; — the winds and the waters conspire,
To spread her invincible name;
— The universe rings with her fame;
— But the cries of the fatherless mix with her praise,
And the tears of the widow are shed on her bays.

O Britain! dear Britain! the land of my birth;
O Isle, most enchantingly fair!
Thou Pearl of the Ocean! Thou Gem of the Earth!
O my Mother! my Mother! beware;
For wealth is a phantom, and empire a snare:

O let not thy birth-right be sold
For reprobate glory and gold:
Thy distant dominions like wild graftings shoot,
They weigh down thy trunk, — they will tear up
thy root: —

The root of thine OAK, O my country! that stands
Rock-planted, and flourishing free;
Its branches are stretch'd o'er the uttermost lands,
And its shadow eclipses the sea:
The blood of our ancestors nourish'd the tree;
From their tombs, from their ashes it sprung;
Its boughs with their trophies are hung;
Their spirit dwells in it: — and, hark! for it spoke;
The voice of our fathers ascends from their Oak.

" Ye Britons, who dwell where we conquer'd of old,
Who inherit our battle-field graves;

Though poor were your fathers,—gigantic and bold,
We were not, we could not be, slaves;
But firm as our rocks, and as free as our waves,
The spears of the Romans we broke,
We never stoop'd under their yoke;
In the shipwreck of nations we stood up alone,—
The world was great CÆSAR's—but Britain our own.

" For ages and ages, with barbarous foes,
The Saxon, Norwegian, and Gaul,
We wrestled, were foil'd, were cast down, but we rose
With new vigour, new life from each fall;
By all we were conquer'd:—WE CONQUER'D THEM ALL!
—The cruel, the cannibal mind,
We softened, subdued, and refined;

Bears, wolves, and sea-monsters, they rush'd from
their den;
We taught them, we tamed them, we turn'd them
to men.

" Love led the wild hordes in his flower-woven bands,
The tenderest, strongest of chains:
Love married our hearts, he united our hands,
And mingled the blood in our veins;
One race we became:—on the mountains and plains,
Where the wounds of our country were closed,
The Ark of Religion reposed,
The unquenchable Altar of Liberty blazed,
And the Temple of Justice in Mercy was raised.

" Ark, Altar, and Temple, we left with our breath!
To our children, a sacred bequest:
O guard them, O keep them, in life and in death!
So the shades of your fathers shall rest,
And your spirits with ours be in Paradise blest:

—Let Ambition, the sin of the brave,
And Avarice, the soul of a slave,
No longer seduce your affections to rome
From Liberty, Justice, Religion, AT HOME."

THE

COMMON LOT.

Once in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man: — and WHO was HE?
— Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That Man resembled Thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perish'd from the earth,
This truth survives alone: —

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;
His bliss and woe, — a smile, a tear!
— Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd, — but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd, — but his delights are fled;
Had friends, — his friends are now no more;
And foes, — his foes are dead.

He loved, — but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O she was fair: — but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee:
He was — whatever thou hast been;
He is — what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this, — THERE LIVED A MAN!

THE END.

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TO

THE PUBLIC.

THE Poem of 'THE WEST INDIES,' originally published by Mr. BOWYER, in his splendid volume on the Abolition of the Slave Trade, is now presented in a form more convenient for general perusal.

'There are objections against the title and plan of this piece, which will occur to almost every reader. The Author will not anticipate them: he will only observe, that the title seemed the best, and the plan the most eligible, which *he* could adapt to a subject so various and excursive, yet so familiar and exhausted, as the African Slave Trade, — a subject which had become antiquated, by frequent, minute, and

disgusting exposure; which afforded no opportunity to awaken, suspend, and delight curiosity, by a subtle and surprising developement of plot; and concerning which public feeling had been wearied into insensibility, by the agony of interest which the question excited, during three-and-twenty years of almost incessant discussion. That trade is at length abolished. May its memory be immortal, that henceforth it may be known only *by* its memory!' — This extract from the preface to the former edition of 'THE WEST INDIES' will probably be a sufficient introduction to the present.

Of the lesser pieces that follow, it is unnecessary to say more than that they are offered as humble candidates for the same public favour (if they be deemed worthy of it) which their predecessors, accompanying 'THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND,' have most liberally obtained.

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THE

WEST INDIES.

A POEM, IN FOUR PARTS.

WRITTEN IN HONOUR OF THE ABOLITION OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE BY THE BRITISH LEGISLATURE, IN 1807.

"*Receive him for ever; not now as a servant, but above a servant, — a brother beloved.*"

St. Paul's Epist. to Philemon, v. 15, 16.

THE

WEST INDIES.

PART I.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction; on the Abolition of the Slave Trade. — The Mariner's Compass. — Columbus. — The Discovery of America. — The West Indian Islands. — The Charibs. — Their Extermination.

'THY chains are broken, Africa, be free!'
Thus saith the island-empress of the sea;
Thus saith Britannia. — O, ye winds and waves!
Waft the glad tidings to the land of slaves;
Proclaim on Guinea's coast, by Gambia's side,
And far as Niger rolls his eastern tide,[1]

Through radiant realms, beneath the burning zone,
Where Europe's curse is felt, her name unknown,
Thus saith Britannia, empress of the sea,
'Thy chains are broken, Africa, be free!'

Long lay the ocean-paths from man conceal'd;
Light came from heaven, — the magnet was reveal'd,
A surer star to guide the seaman's eye
Than the pale glory of the northern sky;
Alike ordain'd to shine by night and day,
Through calm and tempest, with unsetting ray;
Where'er the mountains rise, the billows roll,
Still with strong impulse turning to the pole,
True as the sun is to the morning true,
Though light as film, and trembling as the dew.

Then man no longer plied with timid oar,
And failing heart, along the windward shore;
Broad to the sky he turn'd his fearless sail,
Defied the adverse, woo'd the favouring gale,

Bared to the storm his adamantine breast,
Or soft on ocean's lap lay down to rest;
While free, as clouds the liquid ether sweep,
His white-wing'd vessels coursed the unbounded deep;
From clime to clime the wanderer loved to roam,
The waves his heritage, the world his home.

Then first Columbus, with the mighty hand
Of grasping genius, weigh'd the sea and land;
The floods o'erbalanced: — where the tide of light,
Day after day, roll'd down the gulph of night,
There seem'd one waste of waters: — long in vain
His spirit brooded o'er the Atlantic main;
When sudden, as creation burst from nought,
Sprang a new world through his stupendous thought,
Light, order, beauty! — While his mind explored
The unveiling mystery, his heart adored;
Where'er sublime imagination trod,
He heard the voice, he saw the face of God.

Far from the western cliffs he cast his eye
O'er the wide ocean stretching to the sky:
In calm magnificence the sun declined,
And left a paradise of clouds behind:
Proud at his feet, with pomp of pearl and gold,
The billows in a sea of glory roll'd.

'—Ah! on this sea of glory might I sail,
'Track the bright sun, and pierce the eternal veil
'That hides those lands, beneath Hesperian skies,
'Where day-light sojourns till our morrow rise!'

Thoughtful he wander'd on the beach alone;
Mild o'er the deep the vesper planet shone,
The eye of evening, brightening through the west
Till the sweet moment when it shut to rest:
'Whither, O golden Venus! art thou fled?
'Not in the ocean-chambers lies thy bed;
'Round the dim world thy glittering chariot drawn
'Pursues the twilight, or precedes the dawn;

'Thy beauty noon and midnight never see,
'The morn and eve divide the year with thee.'

Soft fell the shades, till Cynthia's slender bow
Crested the farthest wave, then sunk below:
'Tell me, resplendent guardian of the night,
'Circling the sphere in thy perennial flight,
'What secret path of heaven thy smiles adorn,
'What nameless sea reflects thy gleaming horn?'

Now earth and ocean vanish'd, all serene
The starry firmament alone was seen;
Through the slow, silent hours, he watch'd the host
Of midnight suns in western darkness lost,
Till Night himself, on shadowy pinions borne,
Fled o'er the mighty waters, and the morn
Danced on the mountains: — 'Lights of heaven!' he cried,
'Lead on; — I go to win a glorious bride;

'Fearless o'er gulphs unknown I urge my way,
'Where peril prowls, and shipwreck lurks for prey:
'Hope swells my sail;—in spirit I behold
'That maiden world, twin-sister of the old,
'By nature nursed beyond the jealous sea,
'Denied to ages, but betroth'd to me.'[2]

The winds were prosperous, and the billows bore
The brave adventurer to the promised shore;
Far in the west, array'd in purple light,
Dawn'd the new world on his enraptured sight:
Not Adam, loosen'd from the encumbering earth,
Waked by the breath of God to instant birth,
With sweeter, wilder wonder gazed around,
When life within, and light without he found;
When, all creation rushing o'er his soul,
He seem'd to live and breathe throughout the whole.
So felt Columbus, when, divinely fair,
At the last look of resolute despair,

The Hesperian isles, from distance dimly blue,
With gradual beauty open'd on his view.
In that proud moment, his transported mind
The morning and the evening worlds combined,
And made the sea, that sunder'd them before,
A bond of peace, uniting shore to shore.

Vain, visionary hope! rapacious Spain
Follow'd her hero's triumph o'er the main,
Her hardy sons in fields of battle tried,
Where Moor and Christian desperately died.
A rabid race, fanatically bold,
And steel'd to cruelty by lust of gold,
Traversed the waves, the unknown world explored,
The cross their standard, but their faith the sword;
Their steps were graves; o'er prostrate realms they trod;
They worshipp'd Mammon while they vow'd to God.

Let nobler bards in loftier numbers tell
How Cortez conquer'd, Montezuma fell;
How fierce Pizarro's ruffian arm o'erthrew
The sun's resplendent empire in Peru;
How, like a prophet, old Las Casas stood,
And raised his voice against a sea of blood,
Whose chilling waves recoil'd while he foretold
His country's ruin by avenging gold.
— That gold, for which unpitied Indians fell,
That gold, at once the snare and scourge of hell,
Thenceforth by righteous heaven was doom'd to shed
Unmingled curses on the spoiler's head;
For gold the Spaniard cast his soul away. —
His gold and he were every nation's prey.

But themes like these would ask an angel-lyre,
Language of light and sentiment of fire;
Give me to sing, in melancholy strains,
Of Charib martyrdoms and Negro chains;

One race by tyrants rooted from the earth,
One doom'd to slavery by the taint of birth!

Where first his drooping sails Columbus furl'd,
And sweetly rested in another world,
Amidst the heaven-reflecting ocean, smiles
A constellation of elysian isles;
Fair as Orion, when he mounts on high,
Sparkling with midnight splendour from the sky:
They bask beneath the sun's meridian rays,
When not a shadow breaks the boundless blaze;
The breath of ocean wanders through their vales
In morning breezes and in evening gales:
Earth from her lap perennial verdure pours,
Ambrosial fruits, and amaranthine flowers;
O'er the wild mountains and luxuriant plains,
Nature in all the pomp of beauty reigns,
In all the pride of freedom.—NATURE FREE
Proclaims that MAN was born for liberty.

She flourishes where'er the sun-beams play
O'er living fountains, sallying into day;
She withers where the waters cease to roll,
And night and winter stagnate round the pole:
Man too, where freedom's beams and fountains rise,
Springs from the dust, and blossoms to the skies;
Dead to the joys of light and life, the slave
Clings to the clod; his root is in the grave:
Bondage is winter, darkness, death, despair;
Freedom the sun, the sea, the mountains, and the air!

In placid indolence supinely blest,
A feeble race these beauteous isles possess'd;
Untamed, untaught, in arts and arms unskill'd,
Their patrimonial soil they rudely till'd,
Chased the free rovers of the savage wood,
Insnared the wild-bird, swept the scaly flood;
Shelter'd in lowly huts their fragile forms
From burning suns and desolating storms;

Or when the halcyon sported on the breeze,
In light canoes they skimm'd the rippling seas:
Their lives in dreams of soothing languor flew,
No parted joys, no future pains they knew,
The passing moment all their bliss or care;
Such as their sires had been the children were,
From age to age; as waves upon the tide
Of stormless time, they calmly lived and died.

Dreadful as hurricanes, athwart the main
Rush'd the fell legions of invading Spain;
With fraud and force, with false and fatal breath,
(Submission bondage, and resistance death,)
They swept the isles. In vain the simple race
Kneel'd to the iron sceptre of their grace,
Or with weak arms their fiery vengeance braved;
They came, they saw, they conquer'd, they enslaved,
And they destroy'd;—the generous heart they broke,
They crush'd the timid neck beneath the yoke;

Where'er to battle march'd their fell array,
The sword of conquest plough'd resistless way;
Where'er from cruel toil they sought repose,
Around the fires of devastation rose.
The Indian, as he turn'd his head in flight,
Beheld his cottage flaming through the night,
And, midst the shrieks of murder on the wind,
Heard the mute blood-hound's death-step close behind.

The conflict o'er, the valiant in their graves,
The wretched remnant dwindled into slaves;
Condemn'd in pestilential cells to pine,
Delving for gold amidst the gloomy mine.
The sufferer, sick of life-protracting breath,
Inhaled with joy the fire-damp blast of death:
—Condemn'd to fell the mountain palm on high,
That cast its shadow from the evening sky,
Ere the tree trembled to his feeble stroke,
The woodman languish'd, and his heart-strings broke;

—Condemn'd in torrid noon, with palsied hand,
To urge the slow plough o'er the obdurate land,
The labourer, smitten by the sun's quick ray,
A corpse along the unfinish'd furrow lay.
O'erwhelm'd at length with ignominious toil,
Mingling their barren ashes with the soil,
Down to the dust the Charib people pass'd,
Like autumn foliage withering in the blast:
The whole race sunk beneath the oppressor's rod,
And left a blank among the works of GOD.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE

WEST INDIES.

PART II.

ARGUMENT.

The Cane.—Africa.—The Negro.—The Slave-Carrying Trade. — The Means and Resources of the Slave Trade. — The Portuguese,—Dutch,—Danes,—French,—and English in America.

Among the bowers of paradise, that graced
Those islands of the world-dividing waste,
Where towering cocoas waved their graceful locks,
And vines luxuriant cluster'd round the rocks;
Where orange-groves perfumed the circling air,
With verdure, flowers, and fruit for ever fair;
Gay myrtle-foliage track'd the winding rills,
And cedar forests slumber'd on the hills;

— An eastern plant, ingrafted on the soil, [1]
Was till'd for ages with consuming toil;
No tree of knowledge with forbidden fruit,
Death in the taste, and ruin at the root;
Yet in its growth were good and evil found,—
It bless'd the planter, but it cursed the ground;
While with vain wealth it gorged the master's hoard,
And spread with manna his luxurious board,
Its culture was perdition to the slave,—
It sapp'd his life, and flourish'd on his grave.

When the fierce spoiler from remorseless Spain
Tasted the balmy spirit of the cane,
(Already had his rival in the west
From the rich reed ambrosial sweetness press'd,)
Dark through his thoughts the miser purpose roll'd
To turn its hidden treasures into gold.
But at his breath, by pestilent decay,
The Indian tribes were swiftly swept away;

Silence and horror o'er the isles were spread,
The living seem'd the spectres of the dead.
The Spaniard saw; no sigh of pity stole,
No pang of conscience touch'd his sullen soul:
The tiger weeps not o'er the kid;—he turns
His flashing eyes abroad, and madly burns
For nobler victims, and for warmer blood:
Thus on the Charib shore the tyrant stood,
Thus cast his eyes with fury o'er the tide,
And far beyond the gloomy gulph descried
Devoted Africa: he burst away,
And with a yell of transport grasp'd his prey.

Where the stupendous Mountains of the Moon
Cast their broad shadows o'er the realms of noon;
From rude Caffraria, where the giraffes browse,
With stately heads among the forest boughs,
To Atlas, where Numidian lions glow
With torrid fire beneath eternal snow:

From Nubian hills, that hail the dawning day,
To Guinea's coast, where evening fades away,
Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the splendour of the solar zone;
A world of wonders,—where creation seems
No more the works of Nature, but her dreams;
Great, wild, and beautiful, beyond controul,
She reigns in all the freedom of her soul;
Where none can check her bounty when she showers
O'er the gay wilderness her fruits and flowers;
None brave her fury, when, with whirlwind breath,
And earthquake step, she walks abroad with death:
O'er boundless plains she holds her fiery flight,
In terrible magnificence of light;
At blazing noon pursues the evening breeze,
Through the dun gloom of realm-o'ershadowing trees,
Her thirst at Nile's mysterious fountain quells,
Or bathes in secrecy where Niger swells
An inland ocean, on whose jasper rocks
With shells and sea-flower-wreaths she binds her locks:

She sleeps on isles of velvet verdure, placed
Midst sandy gulphs and shoals for ever waste;
She guides her countless flocks to cherish'd rills,
And feeds her cattle on a thousand hills;
Her steps the wild bees welcome through the vale,
From every blossom that embalms the gale;
The slow unwieldy river-horse she leads
Through the deep waters, o'er the pasturing meads;
And climbs the mountains that invade the sky,
To sooth the eagle's nestlings when they cry.
At sun-set, when voracious monsters burst
From dreams of blood, awaked by maddening thirst;
When the lorn caves, in which they shrunk from light,
Ring with wild echoes through the hideous night;
When darkness seems alive, and all the air
Is one tremendous uproar of despair,
Horror, and agony;—on her they call;
She hears their clamour, she provides for all,
Leads the light leopard on his eager way,
And goads the gaunt hyæna to his prey.

In these romantic regions man grows wild;
Here dwells the Negro, nature's outcast child,
Scorn'd by his brethren; but his mother's eye,
That gazes on him from her warmest sky,
Sees in his flexile limbs untutor'd grace,
Power on his forehead, beauty in his face;
Sees in his breast, where lawless passions rove,
The heart of friendship and the home of love;
Sees in his mind, where desolation reigns
Fierce as his clime, uncultured as his plains,
A soil where virtue's fairest flowers might shoot,
And trees of science bend with glorious fruit;
Sees in his soul, involved with thickest night,
An emanation of ete.na' light,
Ordain'd, midst sinking worlds, his dust to fire,
And shine for ever when the stars expire.
Is he not *man*, though knowledge never shed
Her quickening beams on his neglected head?
Is he not *man*, though sweet religion's voice
Ne'er bade the mourner in his God rejoice?

Is *he* not man, by sin and suffering tried?
Is *he* not man, for whom the Saviour died?
Belie the Negro's powers: — in headlong will,
Christian! *thy* brother thou shalt prove him still:
Belie his virtues; since his wrongs began,
His follies and his crimes have stampt him Man.

The Spaniard found him such: — the island-race
His foot had spurn'd from earth's insulted face;
Among the waifs and foundlings of mankind,
Abroad he look'd, a sturdier stock to find;
A spring of life, whose fountains should supply
His channels as he drank the rivers dry:
That stock he found on Afric's swarming plains.
That spring he open'd in the Negro's veins;
A spring, exhaustless as his avarice drew,
A stock that like Prometheus' vitals grew
Beneath the eternal beak his heart had tore,
Beneath the insatiate thirst that drain'd his gore.

Thus, childless as the Charibbeans died,
Afric's strong sons the ravening waste supplied;
Of hardier fibre to endure the yoke,
And self-renew'd beneath the severing stroke;
As grim oppression crush'd them to the tomb,
Their fruitful parent's miserable womb
Teem'd with fresh myriads, crowded o'er the waves,
Heirs to their toil, their sufferings, and their graves.

Freighted with curses was the bark that bore
The spoilers of the west to Guinea's shore;
Heavy with groans of anguish blew the gales
That swell'd that fatal bark's returning sails;
Old Ocean shrunk as o'er his surface flew
The human cargo and the demon crew.
—Thenceforth, unnumber'd as the waves that roll
From sun to sun, or pass from pole to pole,
Outcasts and exiles, from their country torn,
In floating dungeons o'er the gulph were borne;

— The valiant, seized in peril-daring fight;
The weak, surprised in nakedness and night;
Subjects by mercenary despots sold;
Victims of justice prostitute for gold;
Brothers by brothers, friends by friends betray'd;
Snared in her lover's arms the trusting maid;
The faithful wife by her false lord estranged,
For one wild cup of drunken bliss exchanged;
From the brute-mother's knee, the infant-boy,
Kidnapp'd in slumber, barter'd for a toy;
The father, resting at *his* father's tree,
Doom'd by the son to die beyond the sea:
— All bonds of kindred, law, alliance broke,
All ranks, all nations crouching to the yoke;
From fields of light, unshadow'd climes, that lie
Panting beneath the sun's meridian eye;
From hidden Ethiopia's utmost land;
From Zaara's fickle wilderness of sand;
From Congo's blazing plains and blooming woods;
From Whidah's hills, that gush with golden floods;

Captives of tyrant power and dastard wiles,
Dispeopled Africa, and gorged the isles.
Loud and perpetual o'er the Atlantic waves,
For guilty ages, roll'd the tide of slaves;
A tide that knew no fall, no turn, no rest,
Constant as day and night from east to west;
Still widening, deepening, swelling in its course,
With boundless ruin and resistless force.

Quickly by Spain's alluring fortune fired,
With hopes of fame, and dreams of wealth inspired,
Europe's dread powers from ignominious ease
Started; their pennons stream'd on every breeze:
And still where'er the wide discoveries spread,
The cane was planted, and the native bled;
While, nursed by fiercer suns, of nobler race,
The Negro toil'd and perish'd in his place.

First, Lusitania, — she whose prows had borne
Her arms triumphant round the car of morn,

— Turn'd to the setting sun her bright array,
And hung her trophies o'er the couch of day.

Holland, — whose hardy sons roll'd back the sea,
To build the halcyon-nest of liberty,
Shameless abroad the enslaving flag unfurl'd,
And reign'd a despot in the younger world.

Denmark, — whose roving hordes, in barbarous times,
Fill'd the wide North with piracy and crimes,
Awed every shore, and taught their keels to sweep
O'er every sea, the Arabs of the deep,
— Embark'd, once more to western conquest led
By Rollo's spirit, risen from the dead.

Gallia, — who vainly aim'd, in depth of night,
To hurl old Rome from her Tarpeian height,
(But lately laid, with unprevented blow,
The thrones of kings, the hopes of freedom low,)

— Rush'd o'er the theatre of splendid toils,
To brave the dangers and divide the spoils.

Britannia, — she who scathed the crest of Spain,
And won the trident sceptre of the main,
When to the raging wind and ravening tide
She gave the huge Armada's scatter'd pride,
Smit by the thunder-wielding hand that hurl'd
Her vengeance round the wave-encircled world;
— Britannia shared the glory and the guilt, —
By her were Slavery's island-altars built,
And fed with human victims; — while the cries
Of blood demanding vengeance from the skies,
Assail'd her traders' groveling hearts in vain,
— Hearts dead to sympathy, alive to gain,
Hard from impunity, with avarice cold,
Sordid as earth, insensible as gold.

Thus through a night of ages, in whose shade
The sons of darkness plied the infernal trade,

Wild Africa beheld her tribes, at home,
In battle slain; abroad, condemn'd to roam
O'er the salt waves, in stranger-isles to bear,
(Forlorn of hope, and sold into despair,)
Through life's slow journey, to its dolorous close,
Unseen, unwept, unutterable woes.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

THE

WEST INDIES.

PART III.

ARGUMENT.

The Love of Country, and of Home, the same in all Ages and among all Nations. — The Negro's Home and Country. — Mungo Park. — Progress of the Slave Trade. — The Middle Passage. — The Negro in the West Indies. — The Guinea Captain. — The Creole Planter. — The Moors of Barbary. — Buccaneers. — Maroons. — St. Domingo. — Hurricanes. — The Yellow Fever.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;

A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The héritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend:
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;

Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
"Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be found?"
Art thou a man? — a patriot? — look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

On Greenland's rocks, o'er rude Kamschatka's plains,
In pale Siberia's desolate domains;
When the wild hunter takes his lonely way,
Tracks through tempestuous snows his savage prey,
The reindeer's spoil. the ermine's treasure shares,
And feasts his famine on the fat of bears;
Or, wrestling with the might of raging seas,
Where round the pole the eternal billows freeze,
Plucks from their jaws the stricken whale, in vain
Plunging down headlong through the whirling main;
— His wastes of ice are lovelier in his eye
Than all the flowery vales beneath the sky,

And dearer far than Cæsar's palace-dome,
His cavern-shelter, and his cottage-home.

O'er China's garden-fields and peopled floods;
In California's pathless world of woods;
Round Andes' heights, where Winter, from his throne,
Looks down in scorn upon the summer zone;
By the gay borders of Bermuda's isles,
Where Spring with everlasting verdure smiles,
On pure Madeira's vine-robed hills of health;
In Java's swamps of pestilence and wealth;
Where Babel stood, where wolves and jackals drink,
Midst weeping willows, on Euphrates' brink;
On Carmel's crest; by Jordan's reverend stream,
Where Canaan's glories vanish'd like a dream;
Where Greece, a spectre, haunts her heroes' graves,
And Rome's vast ruins darken Tiber's waves;
Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
Her subject mountains and dishonour'd vales;

Where Albion's rocks exult amidst the sea,
Around the beauteous isle of Liberty;
— Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

And is the Negro outlaw'd from his birth?
Is he alone a stranger on the earth?
Is there no shed, whose peeping roof appears
So lovely that it fills his eyes with tears?
No land, whose name, in exile heard, will dart
Ice through his veins and lightning through his heart?
Ah! yes; beneath the beams of brighter skies,
His home amidst his father's country lies;
There with the partner of his soul he shares
Love-mingled pleasures, love-divided cares:

There, as with nature's warmest filial fire,
He soothes his blind, and feeds his helpless sire;
His children sporting round his hut behold
How they shall cherish him when he is old,
Train'd by example from their tenderest youth
To deeds of charity, and words of truth.[1]
— Is *he* not blest? Behold, at closing day,
The negro-village swarms abroad to play;
He treads the dance through all its rapturous rounds,
To the wild music of barbarian sounds;[1]
Or, stretch'd at ease, where broad palmettos shower
Delicious coolness in his shadowy bower,
He feasts on tales of witchcraft, that give birth
To breathless wonder, or ecstatic mirth:
Yet most delighted, when, in rudest rhymes,
The minstrel wakes the song of elder times,
When men were heroes, slaves to Beauty's charms,
And all the joys of life were love and arms.
— Is not the Negro blest? His generous soil
With harvest-plenty crowns his simple toil;

More than his wants his flocks and fields afford:
He loves to greet the stranger at his board:
'The winds were roaring, and the White Man fled;
'The rains of night descended on his head;
'The poor White Man sat down beneath our tree,
'Weary and faint, and far from home was he:
'For him no mother fills with milk the bowl,
'No wife prepares the bread to cheer his soul;
'—Pity the poor White Man who sought our tree;
'No wife, no mother, and no home has he.'
Thus sang the Negro's daughters;—once again,
O that the poor White Man might hear that strain!
—Whether the victim of the treacherous Moor,
Or from the Negro's hospitable door
Spurn'd as a spy from Europe's hateful clime,
And left to perish for thy country's crime;
Or destined still, when all thy wanderings cease,
On Albion's lovely lap to rest in peace;
Pilgrim! in heaven or earth, where'er thou be,
Angels of mercy guide and comfort thee!

Thus lived the Negro in his native land,
Till Christian cruisers anchor'd on his strand:
Where'er their grasping arms the spoilers spread,
The Negro's joys, the Negro's virtues, fled;
Till, far amidst the wilderness unknown,
They flourish'd in the sight of Heaven alone:
While from the coast, with wide and wider sweep,
The race of Mammon dragg'd across the deep
Their sable victims, to that western bourn,
From which no traveller might e'er return,
To blazon in the ears of future slaves
The secrets of the world beyond the waves.

When the loud trumpet of eternal doom
Shall break the mortal bondage of the tomb;
When with a mother's pangs the expiring earth
Shall bring her children forth to second birth;
Then shall the sea's mysterious caverns, spread
With human relics, render up their dead:

Though warm with life the heaving surges glow,
Where'er the winds of heaven were wont to blow,
In sevenfold phalanx shall the rallying hosts
Of ocean slumberers join their wandering ghosts,
Along the melancholy gulph, that roars
From Guinea to the Charibbean shores.
Myriads of slaves, that perish'd on the way,
From age to age the shark's appointed prey,
By livid plagues, by lingering tortures slain,
Or headlong plunged alive into the main.[2]
Shall rise in judgment from their gloomy beds,
And call down vengeance on their murderers' heads.

Yet small the number, and the fortune blest,
Of those who in the stormy deep found rest,
Weigh'd with the unremember'd millions more,
That 'scaped the sea, to perish on the shore,
By the slow pangs of solitary care,
The earth-devouring anguish of despair,[3]

The broken heart, which kindness never heals,
The home-sick passion which the Negro feels,
When toiling, fainting in the land of canes,
His spirit wanders to his native plains;
His little lovely dwelling there he sees,
Beneath the shade of his paternal trees,
The home of comfort:—then before his eyes
The terrors of captivity arise.
—'Twas night:—his babes around him lay at rest,
Their mother slumber'd on their father's breast:
A yell of murder rang around their bed;
They woke; their cottage blazed; the victims fled;
Forth sprang the ambush'd ruffians on their prey,
They caught, they bound, they drove them far away;
The white man bought them at the mart of blood;
In pestilential barks they cross'd the flood;
Then were the wretched ones asunder torn,
To distant isles, to separate bondage borne,
Denied, though sought with tears, the sad relief
That misery loves,—the fellowship of grief.

The Negro, spoil'd of all that nature gave
To freeborn man, thus shrunk into a slave,
His passive limbs, to measured tasks confined,
Obey'd the impulse of another mind;
A silent, secret, terrible control,
That ruled his sinews, and repress'd his soul.
Not for himself he waked at morning-light,
Toil'd the long day, and sought repose at night;
His rest, his labour, pastime, strength, and health,
Were only portions of a master's wealth;
His love—O, name not love, where Britons doom
The fruit of love to slavery from the womb!

Thus spurn'd, degraded, trampled, and oppress'd,
The Negro-exile languish'd in the West,
With nothing left of life but hated breath,
And not a hope except the hope in death,
To fly for ever from the Creole-strand,
And dwell a freeman in his father-land.

Lives there a savage ruder than the slave?
—Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave,
False as the winds that round his vessel blow,
Remorseless as the gulph that yawns below,
Is he who toils upon the wafting flood,
A Christian broker in the trade of blood;
Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and bold,
He buys, he sells,—he steals, he kills, for gold.
At noon, when sky and ocean, calm and clear,
Bend round his bark, one blue unbroken sphere;
When dancing dolphins sparkle through the brine,
And sunbeam circles o'er the waters shine;
He sees no beauty in the heaven serene,
No soul-enchanting sweetness in the scene,
But, darkly scowling at the glorious day,
Curses the winds that loiter on their way.
When swoln with hurricanes the billows rise,
To meet the lightning midway from the skies;
When from the unburthen'd hold his shrieking slaves
Are cast, at midnight, to the hungry waves;

Not for his victims strangled in the deeps,
Not for his crimes the harden'd pirate weeps,
But grimly smiling, when the storm is o'er,
Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.[4]

Lives there a reptile baser than the slave?[5]
—Loathsome as death, corrupted as the grave,
See the dull Creole, at his pompous board,
Attendant vassals cringing round their lord;
Satiate with food, his heavy eyelids close,
Voluptuous minions fan him to repose;
Prone on the noonday couch he lolls in vain,
Delirious slumbers rock his maudlin brain;
He starts in horror from bewildering dreams;
His bloodshot eye with fire and frenzy gleams;
He stalks abroad; through all his wonted rounds,
The Negro trembles, and the lash resounds,
And cries of anguish, shrilling through the air,
To distant fields his dread approach declare.

Mark, as he passes, every head declined;
Then slowly raised,—to curse him from behind.
This is the veriest wretch on nature's face,
Own'd by no country, spurn'd by every race;
The tether'd tyrant of one narrow span,
The bloated vampire of a living man;
His frame,—a fungous form, of dunghill birth,
That taints the air, and rots above the earth;
His soul;—has *he* a soul, whose sensual breast
Of selfish passions is a serpent's nest?
Who follows, headlong, ignorant, and blind,
The vague brute-instinct of an idiot mind;
Whose heart, 'midst scenes of suffering senseless grown,
E'en from his mother's lap was chill'd to stone;
Whose torpid pulse no social feelings move;
A stranger to the tenderness of love;
His motley haram charms his gloating eye,
Where ebon, brown, and olive beauties vie;

His children, sprung alike from sloth and vice,
Are born his slaves, and loved at market price:
Has *he* a soul?—With his departing breath,
A form shall hail him at the gates of death,
The spectre Conscience,—shrieking through the gloom,
'Man, we shall meet again beyond the tomb.'

O Africa! amidst thy children's woes,
Did earth and heaven conspire to aid thy foes?
No, thou hadst vengeance—From thy northern shores
Sallied the lawless corsairs of the Moors,
And back on Europe's guilty nations hurl'd
Thy wrongs and sufferings in the sister world:
Deep in thy dungeons Christians clank'd their chains,
Or toil'd and perish'd on thy parching plains.

But where thine offspring crouch'd beneath the yoke,
In heavier peals the avenging thunder broke.

—Leagued with rapacious rovers of the main,
Hayti's barbarian hunters harass'd Spain,[6]
A mammoth race, invincible in might,
Rapine and massacre their dire delight,
Peril their element;— o'er land and flood
They carried fire, and quench'd the flames with blood;
Despairing captives hail'd them from the coasts;
They rush'd to conquest, led by Charib ghosts.

Tremble, Britannia! while thine islands tell
The appalling mysteries of Obi's spell;[7]
The wild Maroons, impregnable and free,
Among the mountain-holds of liberty,
Sudden as lightning darted on their foe,
Seen like the flash, remember'd like the blow.

While Gallia boasts of dread Marengo's fight,
And Hohenlinden's slaughter-deluged night,
Her spirit sinks;—the sinews of the brave,
That crippled Europe, shrunk before the Slave;

The demon-spectres of Domingo rise,
And all her triumphs vanish from her eyes.

God is a Spirit, veil'd from human sight,
In secret darkness of eternal light;
Through all the glory of his works we trace
The hidings of his counsel and his face;
Nature, and time, and change, and fate fulfil,
Unknown, unknowing, his mysterious will;
Mercies and judgments mark him, every hour,
Supreme in grace, and infinite in power:
Oft o'er the Eden-islands of the West,
In floral pomp, and verdant beauty drest,
Roll the dark clouds of his awaken'd ire:
—Thunder and earthquake, whirlwind, flood, and fire,
Midst reeling mountains and disparting plains,
Tell the pale world,—'the God of vengeance reigns.'

Nor in the majesty of storms alone,[8]
The Eternal makes his dread displeasure known;

At his command the pestilence abhorr'd
Spares the poor slave, and smites the haughty lord.
While to the tomb he sees his friend consign'd,
Foreboding melancholy sinks his mind,
Soon at his heart he feels the monster's fangs,
They tear his vitals with convulsive pangs:
The light is anguish to his eye, the air
Sepulchral vapours laden with despair;
Now frenzy-horrors rack his whirling brain,
Tremendous pulses throb through every vein;
The firm earth shrinks beneath his torture-bed,
The sky in ruins rushes o'er his head;
He rolls, he rages in consuming fires,
Till nature, spent with agony, expires.

END OF THE THIRD PART.

THE

WEST INDIES.

PART IV.

ARGUMENT.

The Moravian Brethren. — Their Missions in Greenland, North America, and the West Indies. — Christian Negroes. — The Advocates of the Negroes in England. — Granville Sharpe, — Clarkson, — Wilberforce, — Fox, — The Nation itself. — The Abolition of the Slave Trade. — The future State of the West Indies, — of Africa, — of the Whole World. — The Millennium.

WAS there no mercy, mother of the slave!
No friendly hand to succour and to save,
While commerce thus thy captive tribes oppress'd,
And lowering vengeance linger'd o'er the west?

Yes, Africa! beneath the stranger's rod
They found the freedom of the sons of God.

When Europe languish'd in barbarian gloom,
Beneath the ghostly tyranny of Rome,
Whose second empire, cowl'd and mitred, burst
A phœnix from the ashes of the first;
From Persecution's piles, by bigots fired,
Among Bohemian mountains Truth retired;
There, 'midst rude rocks, in lonely glens obscure,
She found a people scatter'd, scorn'd, and poor,
A little flock through quiet valleys led,
A Christian Israel in the desert fed,
While ravening wolves, that scorn'd the shepherd's hand,
Laid waste God's heritage through every land.
With these the lovely exile sojourn'd long;
Soothed by her presence, solaced by her song,
They toil'd through danger, trials, and distress,
A band of Virgins in the wilderness,

With burning lamps, amid their secret bowers,
Counting the watches of the weary hours,
In patient hope the Bridegroom's voice to hear,
And see his banner in the clouds appear:
But when the morn returning chased the night,
These stars, that shone in darkness, sunk in light:
Luther, like Phosphor, led the conquering day,
His meek forerunners waned, and pass'd away.[1]

Ages roll'd by, the turf perennial bloom'd
O'er the lorn relics of those saints entomb'd;
No miracle proclaim'd their power divine,
No kings adorn'd, no pilgrims kiss'd their shrine;
Cold and forgotten in the grave they slept:
But God remember'd them:—their Father kept
A faithful remnant;—o'er their native clime
His Spirit moved in his appointed time;
The race revived at his almighty breath,
A seed to serve him, from the dust of death.

'Go forth, my sons, through heathen realms pro-
'claim
'Mercy to sinners in a Saviour's name:'
Thus spake the Lord; they heard, and they obey'd;
—Greenland lay wrapt in nature's heaviest shade;
Thither the ensign of the cross they bore;
The gaunt barbarians met them on the shore;
With joy and wonder hailing from afar,
Through polar storms, the light of Jacob's star.

Where roll Ohio's streams, Missouri's floods,
Beneath the umbrage of eternal woods,
The Red Man roam'd, a hunter-warrior wild;
On him the everlasting Gospel smiled;
His heart was awed, confounded, pierced, subdued,
Divinely melted, moulded, and renew'd;
The bold base savage, nature's harshest clod,
Rose from the dust the image of his God.

ATLANTIC

And thou, poor Negro! scorn'd of all mankind;
Thou dumb and impotent, and deaf and blind;
Thou dead in spirit! toil-degraded slave,
Crush'd by the curse on Adam to the grave;
The messengers of peace, o'er land and sea,
That sought the sons of sorrow, stoop'd to thee.
—The captive raised his slow and sullen eye;
He knew no friend, nor deem'd a friend was nigh,
Till the sweet tones of Pity touch'd his ears,
And Mercy bathed his bosom with her tears;
Strange were those tones, to him those tears were strange;
He wept and wonder'd at the mighty change,
Felt the quick pang of keen compunction dart,
And heard a small still whisper in his heart,
A voice from heaven, that bade the outcast rise
From shame on earth to glory in the skies.

From isle to isle the welcome tidings ran;
The slave that heard them started into man:

Like Peter, sleeping in his chains, he lay,—
The angel came, his night was turn'd to day;
'Arise!' his fetters fall, his slumbers flee;
He wakes to life, he springs to liberty.

No more to demon-gods, in hideous forms,
He pray'd for earthquakes, pestilence, and storms,
In secret agony devour'd the earth,
And, while he spared his mother, cursed his birth:[2]
To Heaven the Christian Negro sent his sighs,
In morning vows and evening sacrifice;
He pray'd for blessings to descend on those
That dealt to him the cup of many woes;
Thought of his home in Africa forlorn;
Yet, while he wept, rejoiced that he was born.
No longer burning with unholy fires,
He wallow'd in the dust of base desires;
Ennobling virtue fix'd his hopes above,
Enlarged his heart, and sanctified his love:

With humble steps the paths of peace he trod,
A happy pilgrim, for he walk'd with God.

Still slowly spread the dawn of life and day,
In death and darkness pagan myriads lay:
Stronger and heavier chains than those that bind
The captive's limbs, enthrall'd his abject mind;
The yoke of man his neck indignant bore,
The yoke of sin his willing spirit wore.

Meanwhile, among the great, the brave, the free,
The matchless race of Albion and the sea,
Champions arose to plead the Negro's cause;
In the wide breach of violated laws,
Through which the torrent of injustice roll'd,
They stood:—with zeal unconquerably bold,
They raised their voices, stretch'd their arms to save
From chains the freeman, from despair the slave;
The exile's heart-sick anguish to assuage,
And rescue Afric from the spoiler's rage.

She, miserable mother, from the shore,
Age after age, beheld the barks that bore
Her tribes to bondage:—with distraction wrung,
Wild as the lioness that seeks her young,
She flash'd unheeded lightnings from her eyes;
Her inmost deserts echoing to her cries;
Till agony the sense of suffering stole,
And stern unconscious grief benumb'd her soul.
So Niobe, when all her race were slain,
In ecstasy of woe forgot her pain:
Cold in her eye serenest horror shone,
While pitying Nature soothed her into stone.

Thus Africa, entranced with sorrow, stood,
Her fix'd eye gleaming on the restless flood:
— When Sharpe, on proud Britannia's charter'd shore,[3]
From Libyan limbs the unsanction'd fetters tore,
And taught the world, that while she rules the waves,
Her soil is freedom to the feet of slaves:

—When Clarkson his victorious course began,[4]
Unyielding in the cause of God and man,
Wise, patient, persevering to the end,
No guile could thwart, no power his purpose bend,
He rose o'er Afric like the sun in smiles,—
He rests in glory on the western isles:
—When Wilberforce, the minister of grace,
The new Las Casas of a ruin'd race,[5]
With angel-might opposed the rage of hell,
And fought like Michael, till the dragon fell:
—When Pitt, supreme, amid the senate, rose
The Negro's friend, among the Negro's foes;
Yet while his tones like heaven's high thunder broke,
No fire descended to consume the yoke:
—When Fox, all-eloquent, for freedom stood,
With speech resistless as the voice of blood,
The voice that cries through all the patriot's veins,
When at his feet his country groans in chains;
The voice that whispers in the mother's breast,
When smiles her infant in his rosy rest;

Of power to bid the storm of passion roll,
Or touch with sweetest tenderness the soul.
He spake in vain;—till, with his latest breath,
He broke the spell of Africa in death.

The Muse to whom the lyre and lute belong,
Whose song of freedom is her noblest song,
The lyre with awful indignation swept,
O'er the sweet lute in silent sorrow wept,
—When Albion's crimes drew thunder from her tongue,
—When Afric's woes o'erwhelm'd her while she sung.
Lamented Cowper! in thy path I tread;
O! that on me were thy meek spirit shed!
The woes that wring my bosom once were thine;
Be all thy virtues, all thy genius, mine!
Peace to thy soul! thy God thy portion be;
And in his presence may I rest with thee!

Quick at the call of Virtue, Freedom, Truth,
Weak withering Age and strong aspiring Youth
Alike the expanding power of pity felt;
The coldest, hardest hearts began to melt;
From breast to breast the flame of justice glow'd;
Wide o'er its banks the Nile of mercy flow'd;
Through all the isle the gradual waters swell'd;
Mammon in vain the encircling flood repell'd;
O'erthrown at length, like Pharaoh and his host,
His shipwreck'd hopes lay scatter'd round the coast.

High on her rock in solitary state,
Sublimely musing, pale Britannia sate:
Her awful forehead on her spear reclined,
Her robe and tresses streaming with the wind;
Chill through her frame foreboding tremors crept;
The Mother thought upon her sons, and wept:
—She thought of Nelson in the battle slain,
And his last signal beaming o'er the main;[6]

In Glory's circling arms the hero bled,
While Victory bound the laurel on his head;
At once immortal, in both worlds, became
His soaring spirit and abiding name;
—She thought of Pitt, heart-broken on his bier;
And 'O my Country!' echoed in her ear;
—She thought of Fox;—she heard him faintly speak,
His parting breath grew cold upon her cheek,
His dying accents trembled into air;
'Spare injured Africa! the Negro spare!'

She started from her trance!—and round the shore,
Beheld her supplicating sons once more
Pleading the suit so long, so vainly tried,
Renew'd, resisted, promised, pledged, denied,
The Negro's claim to all his Maker gave,
And all the tyrant ravish'd from the slave.
Her yielding heart confess'd the righteous claim,
Sorrow had soften'd it, and love o'ercame;

Shame flush'd her noble cheek, her bosom burn'd;
To helpless, hopeless Africa she turn'd;
She saw her sister in the mourner's face,
And rush'd with tears into her dark embrace:
'All hail!' exclaim'd the empress of the sea,—
'Thy chains are broken — Africa, be free!'

Muse! take the harp of prophesy:—behold!
The glories of a brighter age unfold:
Friends of the outcast! view the accomplish'd plan,
The Negro towering to the height of man.
The blood of Romans, Saxons, Gauls, and Danes,
Swell'd the rich fountain of the Briton's veins;
Unmingled streams a warmer life impart,
And quicker pulses to the Negro's heart:
A dusky race, beneath the evening sun,
Shall blend their spousal currents into one:
Is beauty bound to colour, shape, or air?
No; God created all his offspring fair.

Tyrant and slave their tribes shall never see,
For God created all his offspring free;
Then Justice, leagued with Mercy, from above,
Shall reign in all the liberty of love;
And the sweet shores beneath the balmy west
Again shall be 'the islands of the blest.'

Unutterable mysteries of fate
Involve, O Africa! thy future state.
—On Niger's banks, in lonely beauty wild,
A Negro-mother carols to her child:
'Son of my widow'd love, my orphan joy!
'Avenge thy father's murder, O, my boy!'
Along those banks the fearless *infant* strays,
Bathes in the stream, among the eddies plays;
See the *boy*, bounding through the eager race;
The fierce *youth*, shouting foremost in the chase,
Drives the grim lion from his ancient woods,
And smites the crocodile amidst his floods.

To giant strength in unshorn *manhood* grown,
He haunts the wilderness, he dwells alone.
A tigress with her whelps to seize him sprung;
He tears the mother, and he tames the young
In the drear cavern of their native rock;
Thither wild slaves and fell banditti flock;
He heads their hordes; they burst, like torrid rains,
In death and devastation o'er the plains;
Stronger and bolder grows his ruffian band,
Prouder his heart, more terrible his hand.
He spreads his banner; crowding from afar,
Innumerable armies rush to war;
Resistless as the pillar'd whirlwinds fly
O'er Libyan sands, revolving to the sky,
In fire and wrath through every realm they run,
Where the noon-shadow shrinks beneath the sun;
Till at the Conqueror's feet, from sea to sea,
A hundred nations bow the servile knee,
And throned in nature's unreveal'd domains,
The Jenghis Khan of Africa he reigns.

Dim through the night of these tempestuous years
A Sabbath dawn o'er Africa appears;
Then shall her neck from Europe's yoke be freed,
And healing arts to hideous arms succeed;
At home fraternal bonds her tribes shall bind,
Commerce abroad espouse them with mankind,
While truth shall build, and pure Religion bless
The church of God amidst the wilderness.

Nor in the isles and Africa alone
Be the Redeemer's cross and triumph known:
Father of Mercies! speed the promised hour;
Thy kingdom come with all-restoring power;
Peace, virtue, knowledge, spread from pole to pole,
As round the world the ocean waters roll!
—Hope waits the morning of celestial light;
Time plumes his wings for everlasting flight;
Unchanging seasons have their march begun;
Millennial years are hastening to the sun;

Seen through thick clouds, by Faith's transpiercing
eyes,
The New Creation shines in purer skies.
—All hail!—the age of crime and suffering ends;
The reign of righteousness from heaven descends;
Vengeance for ever sheathes the afflicting sword;
Death is destroy'd, and Paradise restored;
Man, rising from the ruins of his fall,
Is one with GOD, and God is All in All.

END OF THE FOURTH AND LAST PART.

NOTES.

PART I.

Note [1]. Page 1. line 6. — *Far as Niger rolls his eastern tide.* — Mungo Parke, in his travels, ascertained that "the great river of the Negroes" flows *eastward.* It is probable, therefore, that this river is either lost among the sands, or empties itself into some inland sea, in the undiscovered regions of Africa. *See also Part II, line* 64.

Note [2]. Page 8. line 6. *Denied to ages, but betrothed to me.* When the Author of *The West Indies* conceived the plan of this introduction of Columbus, he was not aware that he was indebted to any preceding poet for a hint on the subject; but, some time afterwards, on a second perusal of SOUTHEY'S MADOC, it struck him that the idea of Columbus walking on the shore at sunset, which he had hitherto imagined his own, might be only a reflection of the impression made upon his mind long before, by the first reading of the following splendid passage. He therefore gladly makes this acknowledgment,

though at his own expence, in justice to the Author of the noblest narrative poem in the English language, after the FAERIE QUEENE and PARADISE LOST.

' When evening came, toward the echoing shore
' I and Cadwallon walk'd together forth;
' Bright with dilated glory shone the west;
' But brighter lay the ocean flood below,
' The burnish'd silver sea, that heaved and flash'd
' Its restless rays intolerably bright.
" Prince!" quoth Cadwallon, " thou hast rode the waves
" In triumph when the Invader felt thine arm.
" O what a nobler conquest might be won
" There, — upon that wide field!" — " What meanest thou?"
' I cried: — " That yonder waters are not spread
" A boundless waste, a bourne impassable;
" That thou shouldst rule the elements, — that there
" Might manly courage, manly wisdom, find
" Some happy isle, some undiscover'd shore,
" Some resting-place for peace. Oh! that my soul
" Could seize the wings of morning! soon would I
" Behold that other world, where yonder sun
" Now speeds to dawn in glory."'

PART II.

Note [1]. Page 18. line 1. — *An eastern plant engrafted on the soil.* — The Cane is said to have been first transplanted from Madeira to the Brazils, by the Portuguese, and afterwards introduced by the Spaniards into the Charibbee Islands. — *See also line* 21, *below.*

PART III.

Note [1]. Page 36. line 6. *To deeds of charity and words of truth.* — Dr. Winterbotham says, 'The respect which 'the Africans pay to *old people* is very great. — One of the 'severest insults which can be offered to an African is to 'speak disrespectfully of his mother.' — 'The Negro race 'is, perhaps, the most prolific of all the human species. 'Their infancy and youth are singularly happy. — The 'mothers are passionately fond of their children.' — *Goldbury's Travels.* — '"Strike me," said my attendant, '"but do not curse my mother." — The same sentiment 'I found universally to prevail. — One of the first lessons 'in which the Mandingo women instruct their children 'is the *practice of truth.* It was the only consolation

'for a Negro mother, whose son had been murdered by 'the Moors, that *the poor boy had never told a lie.*' — *Parke's Travels.* The description of African life and manners that follows, and the song of the Negro's daughters, are copied without exaggeration from the authentic accounts of Mungo Parke.

Note 2. Page 39. line 10. — *Or headlong plunged alive into the main.* — On this subject the following instance of almost incredible cruelty was substantiated in a court of justice: —

'In this year (1783), certain underwriters desired to be 'heard against Gregson and others of Liverpool, in the 'case of the ship Zong, Captain Collingwood, alleging 'that the captain and officers of the said vessel threw over-'board one hundred and thirty-two slaves alive into the 'sea, in order to defraud them, by claiming the value of 'the said slaves, as if they had been lost in a natural way. 'In the course of the trial, which afterwards came on, it 'appeared that the slaves on board the Zong were very 'sickly; that sixty of them had already died; and several 'were ill, and likely to die, when the captain proposed 'to James Kelsal, the mate, and others, to throw se-'veral of them overboard, stating, "that if they died a "natural death, the loss would fall upon the owners of "the ship, but that, if they were thrown into the sea, it "would fall upon the underwriters." He selected, ac-'cordingly, one hundred and thirty-two of the most

'sickly of the slaves. Fifty-four of these were immediately 'thrown overboard, and forty-two were made to be par-'takers of their fate on the succeeding day. In the course 'of three days afterwards the remaining twenty-six were 'brought upon deck, to complete the number of victims. 'The first sixteen submitted to be thrown into the sea, 'but the rest, with a noble resolution, would not suffer 'the officers to touch them, but leaped after their com-'panions, and shared their fate.

'The plea which was set up in behalf of this atrocious 'and unparalleled act of wickedness was, that the captain 'discovered, when he made the proposal, that he had 'only two hundred gallons of water on board, and that he 'had missed his port. It was proved, however, in answer 'to this, that no one had been put upon short allowance; 'and that, as if Providence had determined to afford an 'unequivocal proof of the guilt, a shower of rain fell, and 'continued for three days, immediately after the second 'lot of slaves had been destroyed, by means of which they 'might have filled many of their vessels* with water, and 'thus have prevented all necessity for the destruction of 'the third.

'Mr. Sharpe was present at this trial, and procured the 'attendance of a short-hand writer to take down the 'facts which should come out in the course of it. These

* It appeared that they filled six.

'he gave to the public afterwards. He communicated 'them also, with a copy of the trial, to the Lords of the 'Admiralty, as the guardians of justice upon the seas, 'and to the Duke of Portland, as principal minister of 'state. No notice, however, was taken by any of these 'of the information which had been thus sent them.'— *Clarkson's History of the Abolition*, &c. page 95—97.

Note[3]. Page 39. line 18. — *The earth-devouring anguish of despair.* — The Negroes sometimes, in deep and irrecoverable melancholy, waste themselves away, by secretly swallowing large quantities of earth. It is remarkable that 'earth-eating,' as it is called, is an *infectious*, and even a *social* malady: plantations have been occasionally almost depopulated, by the slaves, with one consent, betaking themselves to this strange practice, which speedily brings them to a miserable and premature end.

Note[4]. Page 48. line 4. — *Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.* — See Note[2] of this Part.

Note[5]. Ibid. line 5. — *Lives there a reptile baser than the slave?* &c. — The character of the Creole Planter here drawn is justified both by reason and fact: it is no monster of imagination, though, for the credit of human nature, we may hope that it is a monster as rare as it is shocking. It is the double curse of slavery to degrade all who are concerned with it, *doing or suffering*. The slave himself is the lowest in the scale of human beings, — except the slave-dealer. Dr. Pinkard's *Notes on the*

West Indies, and Captain Stedman's *Account of Surinam*, afford examples of the cruelty, ignorance, sloth, and sensuality of Creole planters, particularly in Dutch Guiana, which fully equal the epitome of vice and abomination exhibited in these lines.

Note [6]. Page 46. lines 1, 2.

Leagued with rapacious rovers of the main,
Hayti's barbarian hunters harass'd Spain.

Alluding to the freebooters and buccaneers who infested the Charibbean seas during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and were equally renowned for their valour and brutality.

Note [7]. Ibid. line 10. — *The appalling mysteries of Obi's spell.* — See Dallas's *History of the Maroons*, among the mountains of Jamaica ; also, Dr. Moseley's *Treatise on Sugar.*

Note [8]. Page 47. line 17. — *Nor in the majesty of storms alone*, &c. — For minute and afflicting details of the origin and progress of the yellow fever in an individual subject, see Dr. Pinkard's *Notes on the West Indies*, vol. iii., particularly Letter XII., in which the writer, from experience, describes its horrors and sufferings.

PART IV.

Note [1]. Page 51. line 8.—*His meek forerunners waned, and pass'd away*, &c.—The context preceding and following this line alludes to the old Bohemian and Moravian Brethren, who flourished long before the Reformation, but afterwards were almost lost among the protestants, till the beginning of the eighteenth century, when their ancient episcopal church was revived in Lusatia, by some refugees from Moravia.—See Crantz's *Ancient and Modern History of the Brethren*. Histories of the missions of the Brethren in Greenland, North America, and the West Indies, have been published in Germany: those of the two former have been translated into English.—See Crantz's *History of Greenland*, and Loskiel's *History of the Brethren among the Indians in North America*. It is only justice here to observe, that Christians of other denominations have exerted themselves with great success in the conversion of the negroes. No invidious preference is intended to be given to the Moravians; but, knowing them best, the author particularized this society.

Note [2]. Page 54. lines 7, 8.

In secret agony devour'd the earth,
And while he spared his mother, cursed his birth.

See Notes [2] and [3], Part III.

Note [3]. Page 56. line 15. — *When Sharp on proud Britannia's charter'd shore*, &c. — Granville Sharp, Esq. after a struggle of many years, against authority and precedent, established in our courts of justice the *law of the Constitution*, that there *are* no slaves in England, and that the fact of a Negro being found in this country is of itself a proof that he is a freeman.

Note [4]. Page 57. line 1. — *When Clarkson his victorious course began.* — No panegyric which a conscientious writer can bestow, or a good man may receive, will be deemed extravagant for the modest merits of Mr. Clarkson, by those who are acquainted with his labours. — *See his History of the Abolition*, &c., 2 vols. lately published.

Note [5]. Ibid. line 8. — *The new Las Casas of a ruin'd race.* — The author of this poem confesses himself under many obligations to Mr. Wilberforce's eloquent letter on the Abolition of the Slave Trade, addressed to the Freeholders of Yorkshire, and published in 1807, previous to the decision of the question. Las Casas has been accused of being *a promoter*, if not *the original projector*, of the Negro Slave Trade to the West Indies. The Abbé Gregoire some years ago published a defence of this great and good man against the degrading imputation. The following, among other arguments which he advances, are well worthy of consideration.

The slave trade between Africa and the West Indies commenced, according to Herrera himself, the first and

indeed the only accuser of Las Casas, nineteen years before the epoch of his pretended project.

Herrera (from whom other authors have negligently taken the fact for granted, on his bare word) does not quote a single authority in support of his assertion, that Las Casas recommended the importation of Negroes into Hispaniola. The charge itself was *first* published thirty-five years after the death of Las Casas. All writers antecedent to Herrera, and contemporary with him, are silent on the subject, although several of these were the avowed enemies of Las Casas. Herrera's veracity on other points is much disputed, and he displays violent prejudices against the man whom he accuses. It may be added, that he was greatly indebted to him for information as an historian of the Indies.

In the numerous writings of Las Casas himself, still extant, there is not one word in favour of slavery of any kind, but they abound with reasoning and invective against it in every shape; and, among his eloquent appeals, and comprehensive plans on behalf of the oppressed Indians, there is not a solitary hint in recommendation of the African Slave Trade. He only twice mentions the Negroes through all his multifarious writings; in one instance he merely names them as living in the islands (in a manuscript in the National Library at Paris); and in the same work he proposes *no other* remedy for the miseries of the aboriginal inhabitants, than the suppression of the *repar-*

timientos, or divisions of the *people*, with the soil on which they were born. In another memorial, after detailing at great length the measures which ought to be pursued for the redress of the Indians (the proper opportunity, certainly, to advocate the Negro Slave Trade, if he approved of it), he adds, — 'The Indians are not more tormented 'by their masters and the different public officers, than 'by their servants *and by the Negroes.*'

The original accusation of Las Casas, translated from the words of Herrera, is as follows: — 'The licentiate 'Bartholomew Las Casas, perceiving that his plans ex-'perienced on all sides great difficulties, and that the ex-'pectations which he had formed from his connection 'with the High Chancellor, and the favourable opinion 'the latter entertained of him, had not produced any 'effect, projected other expedients, such as, *to procure* '*for the Castilians established in the Indies a cargo of* '*Negroes*, to relieve the Indians in the culture of the 'earth and the labour of the mines; also to obtain *a* '*great number of working men* (from Europe), who 'should pass over into those regions with certain privi-'leges, and on certain conditions, which he detailed.'

Let this statement be compared with Dr. Robertson's most exaggerated account, avowedly taken *from Herrera* alone, and let every man judge for himself, whether one of the most zealous and indefatigable advocates of

freedom that ever existed, 'while he contended earnestly 'for the liberty of the people born in one quarter of 'the globe, *laboured* to enslave the inhabitants of an- 'other region, and, in his zeal to save the Americans from 'the yoke, pronounced it to be *lawful and expedient* to 'impose one *still heavier* on the Africans.' — Robertson's *History of America*, Vol. I. Part III. But the circumstance *connected by Dr. Robertson with this supposed scheme* of Las Casas is unwarranted by any authority, and makes his own of no value. He adds, — 'The plan 'of Las Casas was adopted. Charles V. granted a patent 'to one of his Flemish favourites, containing an exclu- 'sive right of importing four thousand negroes into 'America.' Herrera, the only author whom Dr. Robertson pretends to follow, does not, in any place, associate his random charge against Las Casas with this acknowledged and most infamous act. The crime of having first recommended the importation of African slaves into the American islands is attributed, by three writers of the life of Cardinal Ximenes (who rendered himself illustrious by his opposition to the trade in its infancy), to *Chièvres*, and by two others to *the Flemish nobility themselves*, who obtained the monopoly aforementioned, and which was sold to some 'Genoese merchants for '25,000 ducats: and *they* were *the first* who brought 'into a regular form that commerce for slaves between 'Africa and America, which has since been carried on

' to such an amazing extent.' — It is unnecessary to say more on this subject. — A translation of Gregoire's defence of Las Casas was published in 1803, by *H. D. Symonds, Paternoster-Row.*

Note 6. Page 59. line 18. — *And his last signal bearing o'er the main.*

' England expects every man to do his duty.'

LYRIC PIECES,

&c.

'*O laborum*
'*Dulce lenimen, mihicumque salve*
'*Rite vocant.*'

HORAT. *ad Lyram,*
Od. XXXII., Lib. I.

THE

HARP OF SORROW.

I GAVE my Harp to Sorrow's hand,
And she has ruled the chords so long,
They will not speak at my command;—
They warble only to *her* song.

Of dear, departed hours,
Too fondly loved to last,
The dew, the breath, the bloom of flowers,
Snapt in their freshness by the blast:

Of long, long years of future care,
  Till lingering Nature yields her breath,
And endless ages of despair,
  Beyond the judgment-day of death:—

The weeping Minstrel sings,
  And while her numbers flow,
My spirit trembles with the strings,
  Responsive to the notes of woe.

Would gladness move a sprightlier strain,
  And wake this wild Harp's clearest tones,
The chords, impatient to complain,
  Are dumb, or only utter moans.

And yet, to soothe the mind
  With luxury of grief,
The soul to suffering all resign'd
  In Sorrow's music feels relief.

Thus o'er the light Æolian lyre
The winds of dark November stray,
Touch the quick nerve of every wire,
And on its magic pulses play ;—

Till all the air around,
Mysterious murmurs fill,
A strange bewildering dream of sound,
Most heavenly sweet, — yet mournful still.

O ! snatch the Harp from Sorrow's hand,
Hope ! who hast been a stranger long ;
O ! strike it with sublime command,
And be the Poet's life thy song.

Of vanish'd troubles sing,
Of fears for ever fled,
Of flowers that hear the voice of Spring,
And burst and blossom from the dead ;—

Of home, contentment, health, repose,
Serene delights, while years increase;
And weary life's triumphant close
In some calm sunset hour of peace;—

Of bliss that reigns above,
Celestial May of Youth,
Unchanging as JEHOVAH'S love,
And everlasting as his truth:—

Sing, heavenly Hope!—and dart thine hand
O'er my frail Harp, untuned so long;
That Harp shall breathe, at thy command,
Immortal sweetness through thy song.

Ah! then, this gloom control,
And at thy voice shall start
A new creation in my soul,
A native Eden in my heart.

POPE'S WILLOW.

VERSES

Written for an Urn, made out of the Trunk of the Weeping Willow, imported from the East, and planted by Pope in his grounds at Twickenham, where it flourished many years; but, falling into decay, it was lately cut down.

v

ERE POPE resign'd his tuneful breath,
And made the turf his pillow,
The minstrel hung his harp in death
Upon the drooping Willow;
That Willow from Euphrates' strand,
Had sprung beneath his training hand.

Long as revolving seasons flew,
From youth to age it flourish'd,
By vernal winds and starlight dew,
By showers and sunbeams nourish'd;
And while in dust the Poet slept,
The Willow o'er his ashes wept.

Old Time beheld its silvery head
With graceful grandeur towering,
Its pensile boughs profusely spread,
The breezy lawn embowering,
Till, arch'd around, there seem'd to shoot
A grove of scions from one root.

Thither, at summer noon, he view'd
The lovely Nine retreating,
Beneath its twilight solitude
With songs their Poet greeting,
Whose spirit in the Willow spoke,
Like Jove's from dark Dodona's oak.

By harvest moonlight there he spied
The fairy bands advancing;
Bright Ariel's troop, on Thames's side,
Around the Willow dancing;
Gay sylphs among the foliage play'd,
And glow-worms glitter'd in the shade.

One morn, while Time thus mark'd the tree
In beauty green and glorious,
'The hand,' he cried, 'that planted thee
'O'er mine was oft victorious;
'Be vengeance now my calm employ,—
'One work of POPE'S I *will* destroy.'

He spake, and struck a silent blow
With that dread arm whose motion
Lays cedars, thrones, and temples low,
And wields o'er land and ocean,
The unremitting axe of doom,
That fells the forest of the tomb.

Deep to the Willow's root it went,
And cleft the core asunder,
Like sudden secret lightning, sent
Without recording thunder:
—From that sad moment, slow away
Began the Willow to decay.

In vain did Spring those bowers restore,
Where loves and graces revell'd,
Autumn's wild gales the branches tore,
The thin grey leaves dishevell'd,
And every wasting Winter found
The Willow nearer to the ground.

Hoary, and weak, and bent with age,
At length the axe assail'd it:
It bow'd before the woodman's rage;
—The swans of Thames bewail'd it,
With softer tones, with sweeter breath,
Than ever charm'd the ear of death.

O Pope! hadst thou, whose lyre so long
The wondering world enchanted,
Amidst thy paradise of song
This Weeping Willow planted;
Among thy loftiest laurels seen,
In deathless verse for ever green —

Thy chosen Tree had stood sublime,
The storms of ages braving,
Triumphant o'er the wrecks of Time
Its verdant banner waving,
While regal pyramids decay'd,
And empires perish'd in its shade.

An humbler lot, O Tree! was thine,
— Gone down in all thy glory;
The sweet the mournful task be mine,
To sing thy simple story;
Though verse like mine in vain would raise
The fame of thy departed days.

Yet, fallen Willow! if to me
Such power of song were given,
My lips should breathe a soul through thee,
And call down fire from heaven,
To kindle in this hallow'd Urn
A flame that would for ever burn.

A

WALK IN SPRING.

I WANDER'D in a lonely glade,
Where, issuing from the forest shade,
A little mountain stream
Along the winding valley play'd,
Beneath the morning beam.

Light o'er the woods of dark brown oak
The west-wind wreathed the hovering smoke,
From cottage roofs conceal'd,
Below a rock abruptly broke,
In rosy light reveal'd.

'Twas in the infancy of May,—
The uplands glow'd in green array,
While from the ranging eye,
The lessening landscape stretch'd away,
To meet the bending sky.

'Tis sweet in solitude to hear
The earliest music of the year,
The Blackbird's loud wild note,
Or, from the wintry thicket drear,
The Thrush's stammering throat.

In rustic solitude 'tis sweet
The earliest flowers of Spring to greet,—
The violet from its tomb,
The strawberry, creeping at our feet,
The sorrel's simple bloom.

Wherefore I love the walks of Spring,—
While still I hear new warblers sing,
  Fresh-opening bells I see;
Joy flits on every roving wing,
  Hope buds on every tree.

That morn I look'd and listen'd long,
Some cheering sight, some woodland song,
  As yet unheard, unseen,
To welcome, with remembrance strong
  Of days that once had been;—

When gathering flowers, an eager child,
I ran abroad with rapture wild;
  Or, on more curious quest,
Peep'd breathless through the copse, and smiled,
  To see the linnet's nest.

Already had I watch'd the flight
Of swallows darting through the light,
And mock'd the cuckoo's call;
Already view'd, o'er meadows bright,
The evening rainbow fall.

Now in my walk, with sweet surprise,
I saw the first Spring cowslip rise,
The plant whose pensile flowers
Bend to the earth their beauteous eyes,
In sunshine as in showers.

Lone on a mossy bank it grew,
Where lichens, purple, white, and blue,
Among the verdure crept;
Its yellow ringlets, dropping dew,
The breezes lightly swept.

A bee had nestled on its blooms,
He shook abroad their rich perfumes,
Then fled in airy rings;
His place a butterfly assumes,
Glancing his glorious wings.

O, welcome, as a friend! I cried;
A friend through many a season tried,
Nor ever sought in vain,
When May, with Flora at her side,
Is dancing on the plain.

Sure as the Pleiades adorn
The glittering coronet of morn,
In calm delicious hours,
Beneath their beams thy buds are born,
'Midst love-awakening showers

Scatter'd by Nature's graceful hand,
In briary glens, o'er pasture-land,
Thy fairy tribes we meet;
Gay in the milk-maid's path they stand,
They kiss her tripping feet.

From winter's farm-yard bondage freed,
The cattle bounding o'er the mead,
Where green the herbage grows,
Among thy fragrant blossoms feed,
Upon thy tufts repose.

Tossing his forelock o'er his mane,
The foal, at rest upon the plain,
Sports with thy flexile stalk,
But stoops his little neck in vain,
To crop it in his walk.

Where thick thy primrose blossoms play,
Lovely and innocent as they,
O'er coppice lawns and dells,
In bands the rural children stray,
To pluck thy nectar'd bells;

Whose simple sweets, with curious skill,
The frugal cottage-dames distil,
Nor envy France the vine,
While many a festal cup they fill
With Britain's homely wine.

Unchanging still from year to year,
Like stars returning in their sphere,
With undiminish'd rays,
Thy vernal constellations cheer
The dawn of lengthening days.

Perhaps from Nature's earliest May,
Imperishable 'midst decay,
Thy self-renewing race
Have breathed their balmy lives away
In this neglected place.

And O, till Nature's final doom,
Here unmolested may they bloom,
From scythe and plough secure,
This bank their cradle and their tomb,
While earth and skies endure!

Yet, lowly Cowslip, while in thee
An old unalter'd friend I see,
Fresh in perennial prime;
From Spring to Spring behold in me
The woes and waste of Time.

This fading eye and withering mien
Tell what a sufferer I have been,
  Since more and more estranged,
From hope to hope, from scene to scene,
  Through Folly's wilds I ranged.

Then fields and woods I proudly spurn'd;
From Nature's maiden love I turn'd,
  And wooed the enchantress Art;
Yet while for her my fancy burn'd
  Cold was my wretched heart, —

Till, distanced in Ambition's race,
Weary of Pleasure's joyless chace,
  My peace untimely slain,
Sick of the world, —— I turn'd my face
  To fields and woods again.

'Twas Spring; — my former haunts I found,
My favourite flowers adorn'd the ground,
My darling minstrels play'd;
The mountains were with sunset crown'd,
The valleys dun with shade.

With lorn delight the scene I view'd
Past joys and sorrows were renew'd:
My infant hopes and fears
Look'd lovely, through the solitude
Of retrospective years.

And still, in Memory's twilight bowers,
The spirits of departed hours,
With mellowing tints, pourtray
The blossoms of life's vernal flowers
For ever fall'n away.

Till youth's delirious dream is o'er,
Sanguine with hope, we look before,
The future good to find;
In age, when error charms no more,
For bliss we look behind.

A DEED OF DARKNESS.

The body of the Missionary, John Smith, (who died February 6. 1824, in prison, under sentence of death by a court-martial, in Demerara) was ordered to be buried secretly at night, and no person, not even his widow, was allowed to follow the corpse. Mrs. Smith, however, and her friend Mrs. Elliott, accompanied by a free Negro, carrying a lantern, repaired beforehand to the spot where a grave had been dug, and there they awaited the interment, which took place accordingly. His Majesty's pardon, annulling the condemnation, is said to have arrived on the day of the unfortunate Missionary's death, from the rigours of confinement, in a tropical climate, and under the slow pains of an inveterate malady, previously afflicting him.

Come down in thy profoundest gloom,
Without one vagrant fire-fly's light,
Beneath thine ebon arch entomb
Earth, from the gaze of heaven, O Night!
A deed of darkness must be done,
Put out the moon, hold back the sun.

Are these the criminals, that flee
  Like deeper shadows through the shade?
A flickering lamp, from tree to tree,
  Betrays their path along the glade,
Led by a Negro; — now they stand,
Two trembling women, hand in hand.

A grave, an open grave, appears;
  O'er this in agony they bend,
Wet the fresh turf with bitter tears;
  Sighs following sighs their bosoms rend;
These are not murderers! — these have known,
Grief more bereaving than their own.

Oft through the gloom their straining eyes
  Look forth, for what they fear to meet:
It comes; they catch a glimpse; it flies:
  Quick-glancing lights, slow-trampling feet,
Amidst the cane-crops, — seen, heard, gone, —
Return, — and in dead-march move on.

A stern procession! — gleaming arms,
And spectral countenances dart,
By the red torch-flame, wild alarms,
And withering pangs through either heart;
A corpse amidst the groupe is borne,
A prisoner's corpse, who died last morn.

Not by the slave-lord's justice slain,
Who doom'd him to a traitor's death;
While royal mercy sped in vain
O'er land and sea to save his breath;
No; the frail life that warm'd this clay,
Man could not give nor take away.

His vengeance and his grace, alike,
Were impotent to spare or kill;
— He may not lift the sword to strike,
Nor turn its edge aside, at will;
Here, by one sovereign act and deed,
God cancell'd all that man decreed.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
That corpse is to the grave consign'd;
The scene departs: — this buried trust,
The Judge of quick and dead shall find,
When things which Time and Death have seal'd
Shall be in flaming fire reveal'd.

The fire shall try Thee, then, like gold,
Prisoner of hope! — await the test;
And O! when truth alone is told,
Be thy clear innocence confess'd!
The fire shall try thy foes; — may they
Find mercy in that dreadful day.

THE

SWISS COWHERD'S SONG,

IN A FOREIGN LAND.

Imitated from the French.

O, WHEN shall I visit the land of my birth,
The loveliest land on the face of the earth?
When shall I those scenes of affection explore,
Our forests, our fountains,
Our hamlets, our mountains,
With the pride of our mountains, the maid I adore?
O, when shall I dance on the daisy-white mead,
In the shade of an elm, to the sound of the reed?

When shall I return to that lowly retreat,
Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet, —
The lambs and the heifers that follow my call,
My father, my mother,
My sister, my brother,
And dear Isabella, the joy of them all?
O, when shall I visit the land of my birth?
— 'Tis the loveliest land on the face of the earth.

THE OAK.

Imitated from the Italian of Metastasio.

THE tall Oak, towering to the skies,
The fury of the wind defies,
From age to age, in virtue strong,
Inured to stand, and suffer wrong.

O'erwhelm'd at length upon the plain,
It puts forth wings, and sweeps the main;
The self-same foe undaunted braves,
And fights the wind upon the waves.

THE DIAL.

This shadow on the Dial's face,
That steals from day to day,
With slòw, unseen, unceasing pace,
Moments, and months, and years away;
This shadow, which, in every clime,
Since light and motion first began,
Hath held its course sublìme;—
What is it?———Mortal Man!
It is the scythe of Time:
—A shadow ònly to the eye;
Yet, in its calm career,
It levels all beneath the sky;
And still, through each succeeding year,

Right onward, with resistless power,
Its stroke shall darken every hour,
Till Nature's race be run,
And TIME's last shadow shall eclipse the sun.

Nor only o'er the Dial's face,
This silent phantom, day by day,
With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
Steals moments, months, and years away;
From hoary rock and aged tree,
From proud Palmyra's mouldering walls,
From Teneriffe, towering o'er the sea,
From every blade of grass it falls;
For still, where'er a shadow sweeps,
The scythe of Time destroys,
And man at every footstep weeps
O'er evanescent joys;
Like flow'rets glittering with the dews of morn,
Fair for a moment, then for ever shorn:

— Ah! soon, beneath the inevitable blow,
I too shall lie in dust and darkness low.

Then TIME, the Conqueror, will suspend
  His scythe, a trophy, o'er my tomb,
Whose moving shadow shall portend
  Each frail beholder's doom.
O'er the wide earth's illumined space,
  Though TIME's triumphant flight be shown,
The truest index on its face
  Points from the church-yard stone.

THE ROSES.

Addressed to a Friend on the Birth of his first Child.

Two Roses on one slender spray,
In sweet communion grew,
Together hail'd the morning ray,
And drank the evening dew;
While sweetly wreath'd in mossy green,
There sprang a little bud between.

Through clouds and sunshine, storms and showers,
They open'd into bloom,
Mingling their foliage and their flowers,
Their beauty and perfume;

While foster'd on its rising stem,
The bud became a purple gem.

But soon their summer splendour pass'd,
They faded in the wind,
Yet were these roses to the last,
The loveliest of their kind,
Whose crimson leaves in falling round,
Adorn'd and sanctified the ground.

When thus were all their honours shorn,
The bud unfolding rose,
And blush'd and brighten'd, as the morn
From dawn to sunrise glows,
Till o'er each parent's drooping head,
The daughter's crowning glory spread.

My Friends! in youth's romantic prime,
The golden age of man,

Like these twin Roses spend your time,
—Life's little, less'ning span;
Then be your breasts as free from cares,
Your hours as innocent as theirs.

And in the infant bud that blows
In your encircling arms,
Mark the dear promise of a rose,
The pledge of future charms,
That o'er your withering hours shall shine,
Fair, and more fair, as you decline;—

Till, planted in that realm of rest,
Where Roses never die,
Amidst the gardens of the blest,
Beneath a stormless sky,
You flower afresh, like Aaron's rod,
That blossom'd at the sight of God.

TO AGNES.

Reply to some Lines, beginning, '*Arrest, O Time! thy fleeting course.*'

TIME will not check his eager flight,
Though gentle AGNES scold,
For 'tis the Sage's dear delight
To make young Ladies old.

Then listen, AGNES, friendship sings;
Seize fast his forelock grey,
And pluck from his careering wings
A feather every day.

Adorn'd with these, defy his rage,
And bid him plough your face,
For every furrow of old age
Shall be a line of grace.

Start not; old age is virtue's prime;
Most lovely she appears,
Clad in the spoils of vanquish'd Time,
Down in the vale of years.

Beyond that vale, in boundless bloom,
The eternal mountains rise;
Virtue descends not to the tomb,
Her rest is in the skies.

AN EPITAPH.

Art thou a man of honest mould,
With fervent heart, and soul sincere?
A husband, father, friend? — Behold,
Thy brother slumbers here.

The sun that wakes yon violet's bloom,
Once cheer'd his eye, now dark in death,
The wind that wanders o'er his tomb
Was once his vital breath.

The roving wind shall pass away,
The warming sun forsake the sky;
Thy brother, in that dreadful day,
Shall live and never die.

THE

OLD MAN'S SONG.

SHALL Man of frail fruition boast?
Shall life be counted dear,
Oft but a moment, and, at most,
A momentary year?

There was a time, — that time is past, —
When, youth! I bloom'd like thee!
A time will come, — 'tis coming fast,
When thou shalt fade like me: —

Like me through varying seasons range,
And past enjoyments mourn;—
The fairest, sweetest spring shall change
To winter in its turn.

In infancy, my vernal prime,
When life itself was new,
Amusement pluck'd the wings of time,
Yet swifter still he flew.

Summer my youth succeeded soon,
My sun ascended high,
And pleasure held the reins till noon,
But grief drove down the sky.

Like autumn, rich in ripening corn,
Came manhood's sober reign;
My harvest-moon scarce fill'd her horn,
When she began to wane.

Close follow'd age, infirm old age,
The winter of my year;
When shall I fall before his rage,
To rise beyond the sphere!

I long to cast the chains away,
That hold my soul a slave,
To burst these dungeon walls of clay,
Enfranchised from the grave.

Life lies in embryo, — never free
Till Nature yields her breath;
Till Time becomes Eternity,
And Man is born in Death.

THE

GLOW-WORM.

The male of this insect is said to be a fly, which the female caterpillar attracts in the night by the lustre of her train.

WHEN Evening closes Nature's eye,
The Glow-worm lights her little spark,
To captivate her favourite fly,
And tempt the rover through the dark.

Conducted by a sweeter star,
Than all that deck the fields above,
He fondly hastens from afar,
To soothe her solitude with love.

Thus in this wilderness of tears,
Amidst the world's perplexing gloom,
The transient torch of Hymen cheers
The pilgrim journeying to the tomb.

Unhappy he whose hopeless eye
Turns to the light of love in vain;
Whose cynosure is in the sky,
He on the dark and lonely main.

BOLEHILL TREES:

A conspicuous plantation, encompassing a school-house and play-ground, on a bleak eminence, at Barlow, in Derbyshire; on the one hand facing the high moors, on the other, overlooking a richly-cultivated, well-wooded, and mountainous country, near the seat of a gentleman where the writer has spent many happy hours.

Now peace to his ashes who planted yon trees,
That welcome my wandering eye!
In lofty luxuriance they wave with the breeze,
And resemble a grove in the sky;
On the brow of the mountain, uncultured and bleak,
They flourish in grandeur sublime,

Adorning its bald and majestical peak,
Like the lock on the forehead of Time.

A land-mark they rise; — to the stranger forlorn,
All night on the wild heath delay'd,
'Tis rapture to spy the young beauties of morn
Unveiling behind their dark shade:
The homeward-bound husbandman joys to behold,
On the line of the grey evening scene,
Their branches yet gleaming with purple and gold,
And the sunset expiring between.

The maidens that gather the fruits of the moor, *
While weary and fainting they roam,
Through the blue dazzling distance of noon-light explore
The trees that remind them of home:
The children that range in the valley suspend
Their sports and in ecstasy gaze,

* Bilberries, cluster-berries, and crane-berries.

When they see the broad moon from the summit
ascend,
And their school-house and grove in a blaze.

O! sweet to my soul is that beautiful grove,
Awakening remembrance most dear; —
When lonely in anguish and exile I rove,
Wherever its glories appear,
It gladdens my spirit, it soothes from afar
With tranquil and tender delight,
It shines through my heart, like a hope-beaming star
Alone in the desert of night.

It tells me of moments of innocent bliss,
For ever and ever gone o'er;
Like the light of a smile, like the balm of a kiss,
They were, — but they will be no more.
Yet wherefore of pleasures departed complain,
That leave such endearment behind?
Though the sun of their sweetness be sunk in the main,
Their twilight still rests on the mind.

Then peace to *his* ashes who planted these trees!
Supreme o'er the landscape they rise,
With simple and lovely magnificence please
All bosoms, and ravish all eyes:
Nor marble, nor brass, could emblazon his fame
Like his own sylvan trophies, that wave
In graceful memorial, and whisper his name,
And scatter their leaves on his grave.

Ah! thus, when I sleep in the desolate tomb,
May the laurels I planted endure,
On the mountain of high immortality bloom,
'Midst lightning and tempest secure!
Then ages unborn shall their verdure admire,
And nations sit under their shade,
While my spirit, in secret, shall move o'er my lyre,
Aloft in their branches display'd.

Hence dream of vain glory! — the light drop of dew
That glows in the violet's eye,

In the splendour of morn, to a fugitive view,
May rival a star of the sky;
But the violet is pluck'd, and the dew-drop is flown,
The star unextinguish'd shall shine:
Then mine be the laurels of virtue alone,
And the glories of Paradise mine.

THE MOLE-HILL.

Tell me, thou dust beneath my feet,
Thou dust that once hadst breath!
Tell me how many mortals meet
In this small hill of death?

The mole that scoops with curious toil
Her subterranean bed,
Thinks not she ploughs a human soil,
And mines among the dead.

But, O! where'er she turns the ground
My kindred earth I see;
Once every atom of this mound
Lived, breathed, and felt, like me.

Like me these elder-born of clay
Enjoy'd the cheerful light,

Bore the brief burden of a day,
And went to rest at night.

Far in the regions of the morn,
The rising sun surveys
Palmyra's palaces forlorn,
Empurpled with his rays.

The spirits of the desert dwell
Where eastern grandeur shone,
And vultures scream, hyænas yell
Round Beauty's mouldering throne.

There the pale pilgrim, as he stands,
Sees, from the broken wall,
The shadow tottering on the sands,
Ere the loose fragment fall.

Destruction joys, amid those scenes,
To watch the sport of Fate,
While Time between the pillars leans,
And bows them with his weight.

E es crush'd by Time,
Stupendous wrecks! appear
To me less mournfully sublime
Than the poor Mole-hill here.

Through all this hillock's crumbling mould
Once the warm life-blood ran;
—Here thine original behold,
And here thy ruins, Man!

Methinks this dust yet heaves with breath;
Ten thousand pulses beat;
Tell me, — in this small hill of death,
How many mortals meet?

By wafting winds and flooding rains,
From ocean, earth, and sky,
Collected here, the frail remains
Of slumbering millions lie.

What scene of terror and amaze
  Breaks through the twilight gloom?
What hand invisible displays
  The secrets of the tomb?

All ages and all nations rise,
  And every grain of earth
Beneath my feet, before mine eyes,
  Is startled into birth.

Like gliding mists the shadowy forms
  Through the deep valley spread,
And like descending clouds in storms
  Lower round the mountain's head.

O'er the wide champaign while they pass,
  Their footsteps yield no sound,
Nor shake from the light trembling grass
  A dew-drop to the ground.

Among the undistinguish'd hosts,
My wondering eyes explore
Awful, sublime, terrific ghosts,
Heroes and kings of yore: —

Tyrants, the comets of their kind,
Whose withering influence ran
Through all the promise of the mind,
And smote and mildew'd man: —

Sages, the Pleiades of earth,
Whose genial aspects smiled,
And flowers and fruitage sprang to birth
O'er all the human wild.

Yon gloomy ruffian, gash'd and gored,
Was he, whose fatal skill
First beat the plough-share to a sword,
And taught the art to kill.

Behind him skulks a shade, bereft
Of fondly-worshipp'd fame;
He built the Pyramids, but left
No stone to tell his name.

Who is the chief, with visage dark
As tempests when they roar?
— The first who push'd his daring bark
Beyond the timid shore.

Through storms of death and seas of graves
He steer'd with steadfast eye;
His path was on the desert waves,
His compass in the sky.

The youth who lifts his graceful hand,
Struck the unshapen block,
And beauty leap'd, at his command,
A Venus from the rock.

Trembling with ecstasy of thought,
Behold the Grecian maid,
Whom love's enchanting impulse taught
To trace a slumberer's shade.

Sweet are the thefts of love; — she stole
His image while he lay,
Kindled the shadow to a soul,
And breathed that soul through clay.

Yon listening nymph, who looks behind,
With countenance of fire,
Heard midnight music in the wind, —
And framed the Æolian lyre.

All hail! — The Sire of Song appears
The Muse's eldest born;
The sky-lark in the dawn of years,
The poet of the morn.

He from the depth of cavern'd woods,
That echoed to his voice,
Bade mountains, valleys, winds, and floods,
And earth and heaven rejoice.

Though charm'd to meekness while he sung,
The wild beasts round him ran,
This was the triumph of his tongue, —
It tamed the heart of man.

Dim through the mist of twilight times
The ghost of Cyrus walks;
Behind him, red with glorious crimes,
The son of Ammon stalks.

Relentless Hannibal, in pride
Of sworn, fix'd hatred, lowers;
Cæsar, — 'tis Brutus at his side, —
In peerless grandeur towers.

With moonlight softness Helen's charms
Dissolve the spectred gloom,
The leading star of Greece in arms,
Portending Ilion's doom.

But Homer;—see the bard arise!
And hark!—he strikes the lyre;
The Dardan warriors lift their eyes,
The Argive Chiefs respire.

And while his music rolls along,
The towers of Troy sublime,
Raised by the magic breath of song,
Mock the destroyer Time.

For still around the eternal walls
The storms of battle rage:
And Hector conquers, Hector falls,
Bewept in every age.

Genius of Homer! were it mine
To track thy fiery car,
And in thy sunset course to shine
A radiant evening star, —

What theme, what laurel might the Muse
Reclaim from ages fled?
What realm-restoring hero chuse
To summon from the dead?

Yonder his shadow flits away:
— Thou shalt not thus depart;
Stay, thou transcendent spirit, stay,
And tell me who thou art!

'Tis Alfred! — In the rolls of Fame,
And on a midnight page,
Blazes his broad refulgent name,
The watch-light of his age.

A Danish winter, from the north,
Howl'd o'er the British wild,
But Alfred, like the spring, brake forth,
And all the desart smiled.

Back to the deep he roll'd the waves,
By mad invasion hurl'd;
His voice was liberty to slaves,
Defiance to the world.

And still that voice o'er land and sea
Shall Albion's foes appal;
The race of Alfred *will* be free;—
Hear it, and tremble, Gaul!

But lo! the phantoms fade in flight,
Like fears that cross the mind,
Like meteors gleaming through the night,
Like thunders on the wind.

The vision of the tomb is past;
Beyond it who can tell
In what mysterious region cast
Immortal spirits dwell?

I know not, but I soon shall know,
When life's sore conflicts cease,
When this desponding heart lies low,
And I shall rest in peace.

For see, on Death's bewildering wave,
The rainbow Hope arise,
A bridge of glory o'er the grave,
That bends beyond the skies.

From earth to heaven it swells and shines,
The pledge of bliss to Man;
Time with Eternity combines,
And grasps them in a span.

THE

THE CAST-AWAY SHIP.

The subjects of the two following poems were suggested by the loss of the Blenheim, commanded by Sir Thomas Trowbridge, which was separated from the vessels under its convoy, during a storm in the Indian Ocean.— The Admiral's son afterwards made a voyage, without success, in search of his father.— Trowbridge was one of Nelson's captains at the Battle of the Nile, but his ship unfortunately ran a-ground as he was bearing down on the enemy.

A VESSEL sail'd from Albion's shore,
To utmost India bound,
Its crest a hero's pendant bore,
With broad sea-laurels crown'd

In many a fierce and noble fight,
Though foil'd on that Egyptian night,
When Gallia's host was drown'd,
And NELSON o'er his country's foes,
Like the destroying angel rose.

A gay and gallant company,
With shouts that rend the air,
For warrior-wreaths upon the sea,
Their joyful brows prepare;
But many a maiden's sigh was sent,
And many a mother's blessing went,
And many a father's prayer,
With that exulting ship to sea,
With that undaunted company.

The deep, that like a cradled child,
In breathing slumber lay,
More warmly blush'd, more sweetly smiled,
As rose the kindling day:

Through ocean's mirror, dark and clear,
Reflected clouds and skies appear
In morning's rich array;
The land is lost, the waters glow,
'Tis heaven above, around, below.

Majestic o'er the sparkling tide,
See the tall vessel sail,
With swelling wings in shadowy pride,
A swan before the gale;
Deep-laden merchants rode behind;
— But, fearful of the fickle wind,
Britannia's cheek grew pale,
When, lessening through the flood of light,
Their leader vanish'd from her sight.

Oft had she hail'd its trophied prow,
Victorious from the war,
And banner'd masts that would not bow,
Though riven with many a scar;

Oft had her oaks their tribute brought,
To rib its flanks, with thunder fraught;
But late her evil star
Had cursed it on its homeward way,
—'The spoiler shall become the prey.'

Thus warn'd, Britannia's anxious heart
Throbb'd with prophetic woe,
When she beheld that ship depart,
A fair ill-omen'd show!
So views the mother, through her tears,
The daughter of her hopes and fears,
When hectic beauties glow
On the frail cheek, where sweetly bloom
The roses of an early tomb.

No fears the brave adventurers knew,
Peril and death they spurn'd;
Like full-fledged eagles forth they flew;
Jove's birds, that proudly burn'd,

In battle-hurricanes to wield
His lightnings on the billowy field;
And many a look they turn'd
O'er the blue waste of waves to spy
A Gallic ensign in the sky.

But not to crush the vaunting foe,
In combat on the main,
Nor perish by a glorious blow,
In mortal triumph slain,
Was their unutterable fate;
—That story would the Muse relate,
The song might rise in vain;
In ocean's deepest, darkest bed,
The secret slumbers with the dead.

On India's long-expecting strand
Their sails were never furl'd;
Never on known or friendly land,
By storms their keel was hurl'd;

Their native soil no more they trod,
They rest beneath no hallow'd sod;
Throughout the living world,
This sole memorial of their lot
Remains, — they *were*, and they are *not*.

The spirit of the Cape* pursued
Their long and toilsome way;
At length, in ocean-solitude,
He sprang upon his prey;
'Havoc!' the shipwreck-demon cried,
Loosed all his tempests on the tide,
Gave all his lightnings play;
The abyss recoil'd before the blast,
Firm stood the seamen till the last.

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* The Cape of Good Hope, formerly called the Cape of Storms.— See CAMOENS' *Lusiad*, Book V.

Like shooting stars, athwart the gloom
The merchant-sails were sped;
Yet oft, before its midnight doom,
They mark'd the high mast-head
Of that devoted vessel, tost
By winds and floods, now seen, now lost;
While every gun-fire spread
A dimmer flash, a fainter roar;
—At length they saw, they heard no more.

There are to whom that ship was dear,
For love and kindred's sake;
When these the voice of Rumour hear,
Their inmost heart shall quake,
Shall doubt, and fear, and wish, and grieve,
Believe, and long to unbelieve,
But never cease to ache;
Still doom'd, in sad suspense, to bear
The Hope that keeps alive Despair.

THE SEQUEL.

He sought his sire from shore to shore,
  He sought him day by day;
The prow he track'd was seen no more,
  Breasting the ocean-spray;
Yet, as the winds his voyage sped,
He sail'd above his father's head,
  Unconscious where it lay,
Deep, deep beneath the rolling main;
—He sought his sire; he sought in vain.

Son of the brave! no longer weep;
  Still with affection true,
Along the wild disastrous deep,
  Thy father's course pursue;

Full in his wake of glory steer,
His spirit prompts thy bold career,
His compass guides thee through;
So, while thy thunders awe the sea,
Britain shall find thy sire in thee.

M. S.

TO THE MEMORY OF

'A Female whom Sickness had reconciled to the 'Notes of Sorrow,'

Who corresponded with the Author under this signature, on the first publication of his Poems, in 1806, but died soon after; when her real name and merits were disclosed to him by one of her surviving friends.

My Song of Sorrow reach'd her ear;
She raised her languid head to hear,
And, smiling in the arms of Death,
Consoled me with her latest breath.

What is the Poet's highest aim,
His richest heritage of fame?

—To track the warrior's fiery road,
With havoc, spoil, destruction strow'd,
While nations bleed along the plains,
Dragg'd at his chariot-wheels in chains?
—With fawning hand to woo the lyre,
Profanely steal celestial fire,
And bid an idol's altar blaze
With incense of unhallow'd praise?
—With syren strains, Circean art,
To win the ear, beguile the heart,
Wake the wild passions into rage,
And please and prostitute the age?

NO!—to the generous Bard belong
Diviner themes and purer song:
—To hail Religion from above,
Descending in the form of Love,
And pointing through a world of strife
The narrow way that leads to life:
—To pour the balm of heavenly rest
Through Sorrow's agonizing breast;

With Pity's tender arms embrace
The orphans of a kindred race;
And in one zone of concord bind
The lawless spoilers of mankind:
—To sing in numbers boldly free
The wars and woes of liberty;
The glory of her triumphs tell,
Her nobler suffering when she fell, *
Girt with the phalanx of the brave,
Or widow'd on the patriot's grave,
Which tyrants tremble to pass by,
Ev'n on the car of Victory.

These are the Bard's sublimest views,
The angel-visions of the Muse,
That o'er his morning slumbers shine;
These are his themes,—and these were mine.

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* ' Piu val d'ogni vittoria un bel soffrire.'
GAETANA PASSERINI.

But pale Despondency, that stole
The light of gladness from my soul,
While youth and folly blindfold ran
The giddy circle up to Man,
Breathed a dark spirit through my lyre,
Dimm'd the noon-radiance of my fire,
And cast a mournful evening hue
O'er every scene my fancy drew.
Then though the proud despised my strain,
It flow'd not from my heart in vain;
The lay of freedom, fervour, truth,
Was dear to undissembling youth,
From manly breasts drew generous sighs,
And Virtue's tears from Beauty's eyes.

My Song of Sorrow reach'd HER ear;
She raised her languid head to hear,
And, smiling in the arms of Death,
She bless'd me with her latest breath.

A secret hand to me convey'd
The thoughts of that inspiring Maid;
They came like voices on the wind,
Heard in the stillness of the mind,
When round the Poet's twilight walk
Aerial beings seem to talk,
Not the twin-stars of Leda shine
With vernal influence more benign,
Nor sweeter, in the sylvan vale,
Sings the lone-warbling nightingale,
Than through my shades her lustre broke,
Than to my griefs her spirit spoke.

My fancy form'd her young and fair,
Pure as her sister-lilies were,
Adorn'd with meekest maiden grace,
With every charm of soul and face,
That Virtue's awful eye approves,
And fond Affection dearly loves:
Heaven in her open aspect seen,
Her Maker's image in her mien.

Such was the picture fancy drew,
In lineaments divinely true;
The muse, by her mysterious art,
Had shown her likeness to my heart,
And every faithful feature brought
O'er the clear mirror of my thought.
— But she was waning to the tomb;
The worm of death was in her bloom;
Yet as the mortal frame declined,
Strong through the ruins rose the mind;
As the dim moon, when night ascends,
Slow in the east the darkness rends,
Through melting clouds, by gradual gleams,
Pours the mild splendour of her beams,
Then bursts in triumph o'er the pole,
Free as a disembodied soul!
Thus, while the veil of flesh decay'd,
Her beauties brighten'd through the shade;
Charms which her lowly heart conceal'd
In nature's weakness were reveal'd;

And still the unrobing spirit cast
Diviner glories to the last,
Dissolved its bonds, and clear'd its flight,
Emerging into perfect light.

Yet shall the friends who loved her weep,
Though shrined in peace the sufferer sleep,
Though rapt to heaven the saint aspire,
With seraph guards, on wings of fire;
Yet shall they weep; — for oft and well
Remembrance shall her story tell,
Affection of her virtues speak,
With beaming eye and burning cheek,
Each action, word, and look recall,
The last, the loveliest of all,
When on the lap of death she lay,
Serenely smiled her soul away,
And left surviving Friendship's breast
Warm with the sunset of her rest.

O thou, who wert on earth unknown,
Companion of my thought alone,
Unchanged in heaven to me thou art,
Still hold communion with my heart;
Cheer thou my hopes, exalt my views,
Be the good angel of my Muse;
— And if to thine approving ear
My plaintive numbers once were dear;
If, falling round thy dying hours,
Like evening dews on closing flowers,
They sooth'd thy pains, and through thy soul
With melancholy sweetness stole,
HEAR ME:——When slumber from mine eyes,
That roll in irksome darkness, flies;
When the lorn spectre of unrest
At conscious midnight haunts my breast;
When former joys and present woes,
And future fears, are all my foes;
Spirit of my departed friend,
Calm through the troubled gloom descend,

With strains of triumph on thy tongue,
Such as to dying saints are sung;
Such as in Paradise the ear
Of God himself delights to hear;
— Come, all unseen; be only known
By Zion's harp of higher tone,
Warbling to thy mysterious voice;
Bid my desponding powers rejoice;
And I will listen to thy lay,
Till night and sorrow flee away,
Till gladness o'er my bosom rise,
And morning kindle round the skies.

If thus to me, sweet saint, be given
To learn from thee the hymns of heaven,
Thine inspiration will impart
Seraphic ardours to my heart;
My voice thy music shall prolong,
And echo thy entrancing song;

My lyre, with sympathy divine,
Shall answer every chord of thine,
Till their consenting tones give birth
To harmonies unknown on earth.
Then shall my thoughts, in living fire
Sent down from heaven, to heaven aspire,
My verse through lofty measures rise,
A scale of glory to the skies,
Resembling, on each hallow'd theme,
The ladder of the Patriarch's dream,
O'er which descending angels shone,
On earthly missions from the throne,
Returning by the steps they trod,
Up to the Paradise of God.

THE END.

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